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28 OCTOBER, 1893

The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Charles François Gounod

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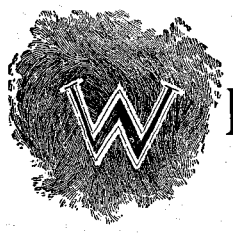

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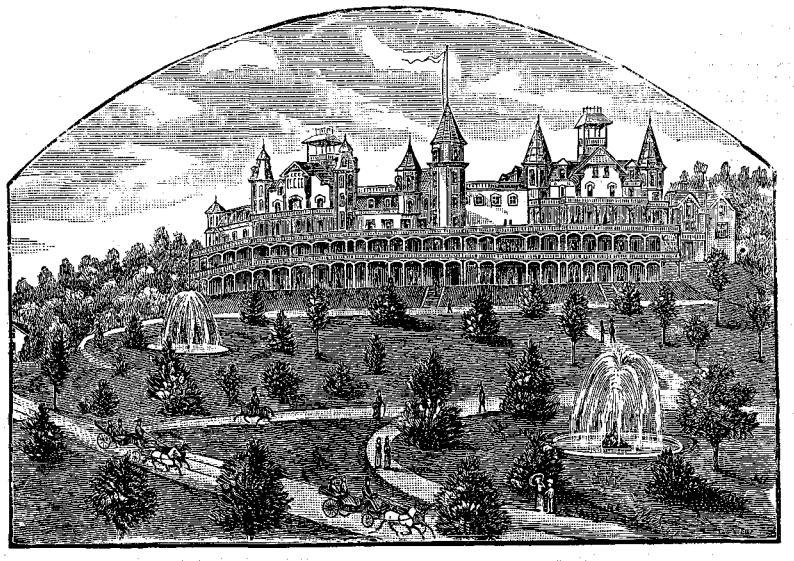

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Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

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By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

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The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand*: 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried); the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price. $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

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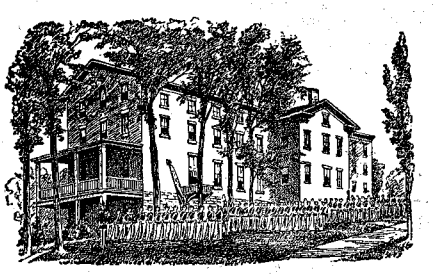

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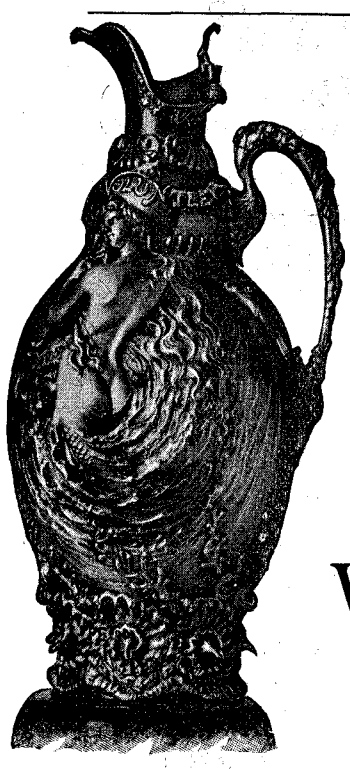

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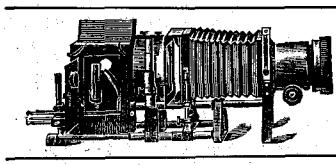

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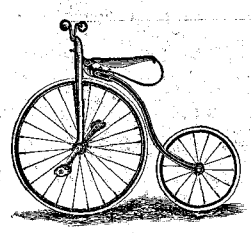

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 28 October, 1893 Number 18

The Week

TWO methods have been proposed during the past week for breaking the deadlock in the United States Senate. One practically emanated from Senator Sherman. In a brief and pungent speech, he declared that it was the duty of the Democratic majority to get together and come to some agreement on the financial situation, and then to pass whatever measure they could agree upon; or, if they could agree on nothing, acknowledge that, as a party, they were hopelessly divided, and therefore incompetent to administer the trust which the people have reposed in them. Probably as a result of this speech, a proposed compromise was circulated in the Senate for signatures. As reported in the daily press, it involved the following points:

First—That the Sherman Act, including its purchasing clause, shall be continued in force until October 1, 1894.

Second—That on and after the passage of the amendment there shall be coined all the seigniorage of the bullion now deposited in the Treasury of the United States, and that the money resulting from the coinage of such seigniorage shall be covered into the Treasury.

Third—That on and after the passage of this amendment there shall be no further issue of Treasury notes and greenbacks of a less denomination than ten dollars, and all notes of less denomination than ten dollars now in existence shall be retired when presented to the Treasury for redemption. In lieu thereof shall be issued silver certificates.

For the non-expert reader we may explain that nearly $50,000,000 a year has been expended under the Sherman Act in the purchase of silver, that the silver has been purchased at such a rate as to give the Government silver sufficient to coin nearly $70,000 000 each year, of standard value, and that the second clause above proposes to coin the difference—that is, the equivalent of $20,000,000 a year.

❀

The other plan proposed to break the deadlock is that of Senator Hill, of this State. It is more radical, will strike some of our readers as more revolutionary, but is, in our judgment, more statesmanlike. He proposes to amend the rules of the Senate so as to enable the majority to enact legislation after a reasonable time has been given for discussion. And he claims that the majority have a right to make such a change in the rules, and for that purpose may put an end to all merely dilatory debates and dilatory amendments. He concedes, as we understand him, that any existing measures must be debated under the rules, but the rules do not and cannot prevent the majority from changing the rules, whenever, in their judgment, the interests of the public service require. We quote from a reported interview with him:

"I take the broad position that the right to change the rules of the Senate is the right of the highest privilege, a constitutional right of which the Senate cannot be deprived by debate, delay, technicalities, or the provisions of existing rules. To effect the desired change the presiding officer must be impressed with this view of the case, and he must have the support of forty-three Senators at his back. When these two results are surely obtained, the rules can properly be changed, and the Repeal Bill can be passed without another day's delay or debate. There is nothing revolutionary about this procedure. It is strictly according to elementary parliamentary principles."

❀

We have no doubt that in this position Senator Hill is right—theoretically. The Senate has no right so to bind itself that it cannot do the work which the people have given it to do. One generation cannot, by any rules it may adopt, prevent the majority in another generation from exercising the functions and discharging the responsibilities which are devolved upon the Senate by the Constitution. To say that the majority in a legislative body may disregard its rules in the enactment of legislation is not the same as to aver that it may change those rules despite the attempt of a minority to thwart the change by dilatory methods. The practical difficulty in the way is that the majority in the Senate in favor of unconditional repeal is loosely organized and not very earnest. It is composed of Republicans and Democrats, unaccustomed to act together, suspicious of each other, and each party afraid lest the action taken shall operate to the credit of the other. But if that majority is united and sufficiently in earnest, it has the *power* at any time to demand a vote upon a change in the rules, to call to order any one interposing merely dilatory tactics, to appeal from the decision of the presiding officer, and, if he declines to entertain the appeal, to reverse his decision, and so to compel a vote. And we have no doubt that it has both a moral and a constitutional *right* to exercise this power, and so emancipate itself from bondage to its own rules.

❀

Interest in the debate on Chinese exclusion centered in the speeches of Mr. McCreary, of Kentucky, who framed the pending measure, and Mr. Geary, of California, who framed the present law. The McCreary Bill, it will be remembered, extends for six months the period during which the Chinese may register, and defines more specifically the term "laborer," as used in the Exclusion Act. Mr. McCreary's speech was a calm statement of the circumstances under which 93,000 Chinese out of 106,000 in this country failed to register within the time fixed by the Geary Law. They were advised by eminent lawyers, he said, that the act was unconstitutional, and several members of the Supreme Court shared in that opinion. To punish by deportation those who failed to conform with a law so doubtful would be both inhuman and out of harmony with the Nation's purpose in enacting the law. For these reasons he justified the attitude of the Administration toward the law, and urged that the moral sense of the country demanded that the time of registration be extended. Mr. Geary took care not to deny this last proposition. He declared that he was ready to vote for the McCreary Bill if it

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were so amended as to assure the Pacific Slope that it was in good faith intended to restrict the Chinese population to those persons now here. Mere certificates of registration, he urged, would not accomplish this. They would be interchangeable. It was absurd, he argued, to denounce the requirement of a photograph as a humiliation of the Chinese. The Chicago Exposition had required the photograph of the recipient to accompany certain classes of passes issued, and nobody objected excepting one National Commissioner. In large measure Mr. Geary's speech was a protectionist argument against Chinese labor (ignoring the fact that the Chinese produced more wealth than they received in payment) and a vigorous denunciation of the Administration for not enforcing the law until it was changed by Congress. He contrasted the attitude of Attorney-General Olney with that of Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General under Mr. Lincoln, who recognized that he was sworn to enforce even the Fugitive Slave Law so long as it was on the statute-books. Mr. Bowers, a Republican Representative from California, took substantially the same position as Mr. Geary, and went so far as to declare that the passage of the McCreary Bill in the form in which it was presented would destroy both the old parties within his State. All amendments to the McCreary Bill were rejected by overwhelming majorities, and the measure passed the House with but nine dissenting votes.

❀

The campaign in most of the States is more than usually apathetic, even for an "off year." The absence of party lines on the question uppermost at Washington has allayed partisan feeling throughout the country. The issue between a protective and a revenue tariff is in many States clearly defined in the platforms, but voters cannot become aroused upon it when Senators are so indifferent to it that many Republicans are ready to give the Administration Democrats the weapon of closure, no matter what its effect upon tariff legislation. In Massachusetts the two parties take the same position on the silver question, and the contest turns largely upon the personal qualifications of the candidates for the Governorship. The National question that bids fair to affect the most voters is that of the extent to which the Democratic Administration has distributed patronage in violation of Civil Service Reform principles. In New York State the Maynard issue is the principal one discussed. Undoubtedly a great number of Democrats will refuse to support Mr. Maynard, but thus far the registration returns in this city indicate so light a vote in Republican wards and so heavy a one in Democratic wards that the Democratic leaders seem confident that their entire ticket will be elected. In certain Democratic wards the registration, instead of being the normal one-third less than last year, is actually much greater, and the New York "Herald" claims to have laid bare very extensive frauds, while the "Evening Post" points out some indications of a "deal" between the Democratic and the Republican leaders.

❀

In New Jersey the dominant issue is the race-track gambling legislation, of which we shall speak at length next week. In Pennsylvania the currency question enters into the campaign, through the partial indorsement given by the Republican State Convention to Senator Cameron's attitude in favor of silver. In Ohio, also, the Republican party is the more distinctly committed to bimetallism, though two years ago the Democratic party declared for free coinage. The main issue, however, is that of the tariff, upon which the two candidates, Governor McKinley and Lawrence T. Neal, virtually framed the National platforms of their respective parties in the last campaign. To all appearances, the Democrats do not expect to carry the State. In Iowa it is the Republicans who seem discouraged. Apart from the defection due to the party's flat abandonment of prohibition, it has lost heavily through the exposure of the fact that its candidate for the Governorship, Mr. Jackson, had been disbarred from practice as a pension attorney, on the ground that he had defrauded one of his clients. Inasmuch as a Republican ex-Governor of Iowa was the Secretary of the Interior who confirmed this disbarment, many Republicans demanded Mr. Jackson's retirement from the ticket, but the party managers refused to bring this about. The People's party in Virginia is making a vigorous campaign, and, indeed, has a ticket in the field everywhere.

❀

Field-Marshal MacMahon, who died at Paris on Tuesday of last week, was for many years a striking and important figure in French public life. The descendant of an Irish family which sent its representatives to France early in the last century, Marshal MacMahon had a double quantity of Celtic blood in his veins. Becoming a sub-lieutenant at the age of nineteen, he went through the Algerian war; won the Cross of Honor in 1830; shared in the expedition to Belgium two years later, and won the Cross of the Order of Leopold for his bravery at the Siege of Antwerp; returned to Africa and acquired still greater distinction by reason of his audacity, his readiness of resource, and his soldierly instinct; became General of Division in 1852, led the assault upon Malakoff three years later, cut his way into the fort, when ordered to retire sent back the reply which France has not forgotten, "I am here, and here I stay," held his position, and received the Grand Cross in recognition of his courage. A few years later he turned the adverse tide of battle at the Bridge of Magenta, drove back the Austrians with impetuous force, turned a rout into a victory, and became, by the action of the Emperor on the field of battle, Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France. In the disastrous struggle with Germany he commanded the Army of the South, and displayed his usual energy, but was entirely unsupported, and met with crushing defeat at Woerth; retreated to Nancy, reorganized his army, entered upon another campaign, which ended at Sedan, where he was seriously wounded, but recovered in time to conduct the operations against the Commune at Paris and to render invaluable service to the Republic. Chosen President in 1873, on the retirement of Thiers, he gave the country an honest and efficient but very turbulent administration. He was faithful to the Republic, but he was an undisguised antagonist of the Radicals and a strong adherent of the Conservatives. The latter hoped to persuade him to play the part of General Monk in a new restoration; but the soldier, although in no sense a Republican, was incorruptible. He was forced to resign in 1879, and has since that time lived in retirement, honored by all Frenchman. His career was singularly pure, honorable, and patriotic.

❀

A cabinet crisis was impending in Vienna all last week, and has probably been postponed rather than averted. The Outlook has already reported the troubles in Bohemia, culminating in disorders of so serious a character at Prague that three provisions of the Constitution were suspended and martial law declared in that city. A few days ago the Government introduced a bill into the Lower House of the Reichstag, sanctioning this coercive action of the Ministry in Prague and in other cities in Bohemia, but there is

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every indication that this bill will fail. The situation was further complicated from the introduction by Count Taaffe of a franchise bill, on the 10th of the present month, which extended the franchise so as to include all men who have attained their twenty-fourth year, accomplished their military obligations, and lived in one place for at least six months. This bill would more than double the electorate, and was introduced, it is said, for the purpose of allaying the Socialist agitation in favor of universal suffrage—an agitation reported some weeks since in these columns. The bill satisfied nobody, and has been interpreted by the Left as an attempt to forestall, by an inadequate measure, a reform which ought to be more comprehensive, and the parliamentary form of which ought to have been submitted previously to the political leaders. The Conservatives are the natural enemies of the measure, and, now that it has failed to receive the support of the Left, there is every probability of its rejection. Under these circumstances, Count Kalnoky, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count Taaffe have both tendered their resignations, together with the President of the Lower House. The Emperor has refused to accept the resignations, and has offered to abandon the franchise bill rather than do so, and, in the event of the rejection of the coercion policy in Bohemia, has consented to a dissolution of the Reichstag. This, for the moment, has postponed the crisis, but it is generally believed that the situation is only momentarily relieved.

❀

The Outlook commented two weeks ago on the agitation for what may be called Home Rule in Bohemia, and pointed out the difficulties which this agitation throws in the way of the Austrian Government. A still more complicated question is presented by an agitation for practically similar ends among the Roumanians, of whom there are under Austrian rule over ten millions, and who form in Hungary proper a majority in at least three counties, and a very large minority in five more. In July last the Roumanians of Hungary held a Congress, and decided unanimously to support the Roumanian memorandum which was presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph in June of last year, but which the Emperor, acting under the advice of his counselors for the Kingdom of Hungary, refused to receive, and the author of which was condemned by the Hungarian courts to four years' imprisonment and a fine. The Hungarians in Roumania are restless under the attempt to blot out the Roumanians' race line—an attempt which lay back of a law passed by the Hungarian Chambers two years ago, which, for the apparent purpose of diminishing the mortality among young children, provided for the opening of communal schools for children of from three to six years of age, in which only the Magyar, or Hungarian, language was to be spoken. After much protestation the Roumanians formed a National League, and later drew up the memorandum which never reached the Emperor; they are now determined to secure from the Hungarians the same rights which the Hungarians have secured from Austria, but which they are not willing to extend to their Roumanian subjects.

❀

The latter ask to be represented both in the local and general administration by men of their own race, to be judged by their own magistrates, to use their own language both in administration and in the courts, to have their own schools and their own Church exempt from Government interference. "We demand," they say, with all possible energy, "that it shall be recognized that we alone are masters of our own lot; and that at no price are we willing, so long as there is life in us, to admit that the Magyars may arrogate to themselves the right of dictating to us how we are to think and feel and speak, or that the Magyars may give us lessons of patriotism, or lay out our happiness for us." The Roumanians ask, in other words, for the same right which the Hungarians have secured and which the Bohemians want—the right of race autonomy; and it is not easy to see how the Hungarians can consistently resist the claim. The difficulties of the situation are, however, very great, and this new demand is probably another sign of the struggle which must come in the near future in central Europe—the struggle of the sub-races under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to satisfy their national aspiration, of the Roumanians in Transylvania and Hungary, of the Czechs in Bohemia, of the Poles, the Croats, the Serbs, the Ruthenians, the Slavaks, the Slavonians, and all the various Slav populations of the Empire which must be held firmly to Austria in order that they may not be swept into the great Slavonic movement which is commonly known as "Pan-Russism."

❀

The enthusiasm which nearly overwhelmed the officers of the Russian fleet at Toulon completely submerged them in Paris during the past few days. It is not surprising to know that Admiral Avelan has manifested great emotion on various occasions, and, if some reports are to be trusted, has wept many times in the sight of thousands of French men and women. Men cannot be fêted twenty-four hours on the stretch, without intermission, without showing signs of nervous exhaustion. Dinners, receptions, addresses, and entertainments of every conceivable sort have made Paris gayer than it has been since the fall of the Empire, and have attracted wide attention in Europe. It is not unnatural that the French should let their emotions run away with them, in view of the isolation which they feel in the presence of the armaments of the three Powers banded together in the Triple Alliance. France sees in Russia the one Power in all Europe which is apparently disposed to stand beside her in the perils of the future. So far, however, the Russian Government treats the French advances with a good deal of coolness; and while Russia is disposed apparently to stand on very friendly relations with the French Republic, she is not disposed to commit herself irrevocably to a hard-and-fast combination with a Power so unlike herself in institutions, organization, and political character. The ebullition of patriotic feeling in Paris is the answer which France makes to the recent meetings of the rulers of the three Powers of the Triple Alliance, and to the occasional injudicious utterances of the Emperor of Germany. There is no probability, however, that this ebullition of feeling will disturb the peace of Europe.

❀

A figure familiar in many parts of the country, and everywhere honored and respected, disappeared from American life in the death of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, or Lucy Stone, as she preferred to call herself, last week. Born seventy-five years ago in Massachusetts, she developed very early the independence of character and tenacity of purpose which marked her later life. She went to college in the face of her father's opposition, picking berries and chestnuts to buy text-books, and teaching school and saving money until she was twenty-five years of age before she could take advantage of the opportunities which Oberlin offered. When in college she cooked her own food in her room, and lived, it is said, on fifty cents a week, enjoying the pleasure of only one new dress during her whole college course. She graduated with honor, and the moral impetus

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behind her sent her almost at once into public work, for she began lecturing on the slavery question at a very early date. The question of woman's suffrage soon eclipsed in interest, for her, the slavery question, and, without the backing of suffrage associations or of public sentiment, Lucy Stone began a kind of guerrilla agitation, putting up her own handbills, speaking from every accessible platform, meeting all kinds of antagonism with undaunted courage and undisturbed serenity. When she married Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, it was characteristic of both herself and her husband that they drove thirty miles to find a minister who would leave the word "obey" out of the marriage service, and that they issued a joint letter protesting against the injustice of the laws which gave the husband control of the wife's property, earnings, and children, and that the bride refused to take her husband's name but clung to her own. For many years this energetic and conscientious woman edited with ability the "Woman's Journal," and for many years she was heard on the platforms of suffrage associations in all parts of the country. Those who expected to see and hear a woman of masculine appearance saw instead a very gentle and womanly woman, of small stature, with snowy hair, a quiet manner, and a low voice, who had unmistakable gifts as a public speaker. She lived to see great changes in the position of women in educational and industrial fields, and her voice contributed to the great enlargement of opportunities of all kinds for women.

❀

We report in another column, in a brief paragraph, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of Cardinal Gibbons to the episcopacy. As Archbishop, Cardinal Gibbons is simply one of a number of American Archbishops, having no legal authority outside of his own ecclesiastical territory; but as Cardinal he is, in an especial manner, one of the counselors of the Pope, has a share in the Papal government, votes for the Pope's successor when a successor has to be elected, and is himself eligible to the pontificate. These facts give to Cardinal Gibbons's words peculiar weight, since those words may fairly be regarded as reflecting, at least in some measure, not only the views of a prominent section of the American Roman Catholic Church, but also those of the Papal See. All Americans, including, we should suppose, those who are most suspicious and fearful of the influence of Romanism in the United States, will be glad to hear this ecclesiastic declaring, in connection with this quarter-centennial of his episcopate, that he does not desire any connection between Church and State. "For my own part," he says, "I do not desire to see the relations between Church and State any closer than they are at present. I do not wish to see the day when the civil authorities may be called upon to build our churches and to subsidize our clergy, for then they might dictate to us what doctrines we ought to teach." May we not, then, count on the influence of Cardinal Gibbons to co-operate with those of us who desire to see every relic of official connection between Church and State abolished, and the Government, both Federal and State, adopting this as an absolute principle: That they will make no appropriations of money to any institution, charitable or educational, which is under any form of ecclesiastical or denominational control? A first step would be for the Roman Catholic Church to follow the example of other Churches and refuse Government subsidies for its Indian schools.

❀

We give in our Religious World columns a brief biographical sketch of Dr. Philip Schaff. His death was not altogether a surprise, since for over a year he has been an invalid. Dr. Schaff was one of those immigrants who have brought great honor and inestimable value to the country of his adoption. He brought with him from Germany that extraordinary capacity for work which seems to be a distinctive characteristic of the German scholar. Any American who had produced so voluminous works would fall under the inevitable suspicion of inaccuracy, haste, and carelessness, but Dr. Schaff's works, wide as are their range and their variety, are recognized as authorities. That he did not live to complete his "History of the Christian Church" will be a matter of unfeigned and universal regret. It is to be hoped that his preparations were so far completed that the work may be finished, not only in his catholic spirit, but with his scholarly fullness. In character Dr. Schaff was a scholar, not a controversialist. He kept himself free from the current theological controversies, not by reason of any timidity, but because he was not a fighter. But his sympathies, like those of most scholars of wide culture, were with modern thought and progressive movements. His scholarship was subsidiary to spiritual ends, however, and the key to his character—that is, to the dominating impulse which inspired him—is to be found in one volume which was peculiarly with him a labor of love, "Christ in Song." The chair which he had vacated on account of ill health has already been ably filled, and the work of Union Theological Seminary will go on without any serious break.

❀

General News.—By a collision between two express trains loaded with World's Fair passengers on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway near Battle Creek, Mich., early in the morning of Friday of last week, twenty-six persons were killed, and about twice that number were seriously injured; the collision was caused by the direct disobedience of orders on the part of the conductor and engineer of the east-bound train; fire broke out immediately after the collision, and the horrors of the accident were of the most heartrending kind; among the lessons of the accident are the increasing importance of having thoroughly trained and intelligent employees on railways, and that of the stronger construction of ordinary cars, as the heavy Pullman cars of the east-bound train were hardly injured, while the day-coaches of the west-bound train were completely destroyed.——The statement that President Ezeta, of Guatemala, has dissolved the National Assembly and declared himself Dictator is confirmed by reports which have reached our Naval Department; it is thought that there will be no armed resistance.——The Moors are investing Melilla; they have thrown up intrenchments and breastworks all about the place, and will besiege the Spanish garrison in regular form.——Brigandage still exists in Sicily; and it is reported that the Italian Government will soon declare martial law in Sicily and send twelve thousand troops from the regular army to assist in extirpating the bands of brigands.——Sir Andrew Clark, the famous English physician, who has so long cared for the health of Mr. Gladstone, was stricken with paralysis last week.——Mr. Herbert Spencer is again ill, but it is hoped not dangerously so.——Miss Frances E. Willard was unanimously re-elected President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at the National Convention in Chicago last week; Mrs. Carse's report in regard to the Temple was adopted after some opposition; it sets forth a plan for raising subscriptions to pay off the indebtedness on the building.——The Most Rev. Robert Knox, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland and Metropolitan, died from heart disease at Dublin on Monday of this week.——The funeral of Marshal MacMahon, which took

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place at Paris on Sunday, was marked by imposing ceremonies; a eulogy was read by Premier Dupuy.——A National Congress of Social Democrats opened at Cologne on Monday.

"A National Calamity"

There is a constant and growing protest among Americans against the character of a great many of the newspapers which come into their hands, but it is not often that the offenses of these newspapers are so effectively described as by a recent English visitor who writes to the London "Spectator" from the World's Fair these words:

"We were in the Fair grounds at all hours of the day and early night for weeks, and never heard of any pocket-picking; nor yet did we hear an angry word, much less an oath. Altogether, we saw so little that was evil, and so much that was good, that we began to wonder where all the wicked people, whose doings made our blood run cold in the daily papers, were to be found. These papers are a national calamity. With very few exceptions, they seem to serve up a banquet of brutal horrors to readers who will enjoy to the full every turn of the screw of the rack on which the murderer places his victims, and every agony of parents who still love the children whose evil deeds are made all too public. To an enterprising editor in America, no home has any privacy, no feeling of the heart any sanctity. The sins and sufferings of one-half of the world are to furnish the delights of the other; and scarcely a horror can be named which escapes serving as an occasion for a jest. If a man has the misfortune to lose a leg in a terrible accident, the head-line of the paragraph which announces this is, 'His leg goes to Heaven before him.' If a couple of lovers are killed by lightning, we read, 'Lightning takes off two.' A lynching is gracefully described as 'a necktie party.' Worse things might be quoted, but we refrain; and yet, though these papers live and prosper, the people we see are as tender and compassionate as the heart of man can desire."

This is a very strong statement, but it falls short of, rather than exceeds, the fact with regard to these newspapers. They are a National calamity. They are potent and constant agencies for the demoralization of the reading public. They are steeped, for the most part, in vulgarity; they have no respect for privacy; they are indifferent to the common courtesies of life; they violate its ordinary decencies; and they do this every day in the year, and every day in the year their bad morals and worse manners are seen by the whole country, and become to the impressionable an influence which means steady deterioration. The very worst side of our civilization is presented by many of our daily newspapers, and presented so out of proportion that it is a daily libel on the country. If one must believe the newspaper, he must agree with Renan that the Americanization of the world means the destruction of all the fine old ideals of conduct, manners, and taste, and the reduction of everything and everybody to a level of monotonous vulgarity. Among all the many evils to which we are subject in this day, there is no one so pervasive and so pernicious as the character of many of our daily newspapers.

The Outlook attaches so much importance to this matter that it gives a foremost place this week to the ripe and wise comments on journalism of one of its foremost students and practitioners. The Outlook has constant occasion to differ with the New York "Sun," but the "Sun" is recognized far and wide among journalists as a newspaper organized on a thoroughly professional basis, exacting the very best intellectual work from the men connected with it, and recognizing the quality of that work with promptness and generosity. The office of the "Sun" is in many respects a school of journalism, in which quality, ability, and literary skill determine a man's position. Every one understands that the genius of this journalistic enterprise is Mr. Charles A. Dana, who is perhaps the foremost journalistic expert in the United States. The "Sun's" views are often perverse, from the standpoint of The Outlook, and it often departs from the high standard which, in the paper reproduced on another page, its editor-in-chief holds up. These facts do not detract from the practical value of Mr. Dana's utterances. What he has to say regarding journalism embodies the ripe judgment, not of an idealist or a doctrinaire, but of a man thoroughly familiar with every aspect of his profession. It is, therefore, in the highest degree encouraging to find him turning the attention of his auditors away from the scandal-mongering, the invasion of privacy, the exaggeration of the importance of the personal element, the gossip, the slander, and the general vulgarity of the average newspaper—which are supposed by the proprietors of those newspapers to bring in the largest money returns—and emphasizing the permanent and noble elements of journalistic success.

According to Mr. Dana, the newspaper is an enterprise in which brains and character stand at the front, and success depends on the skill with which these qualities are infused into and applied to all departments of the newspaper. The journalist is not a mechanician who collects so much social gossip or so much domestic refuse during the day, and piles it up every morning for a fee to be received from every passer-by, but a man who brings to his task thorough education, the interests of a trained man, and the capacity to deal with things from the standpoint of general principles. According to Mr. Dana, a man cannot be too well educated for the duties of journalism, and the more he knows the better are his prospects of practical success. It is delightful to find him commenting on the importance of a knowledge of the English language, and laying special emphasis on that quality of style which is the distinguishing mark of literature, but of the existence of which the average American newspaper gives no sign. It seems almost a sarcasm to speak of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the same breath with average American journalism, and yet Mr. Dana quotes him as a model of that beautiful and admirable style which, by reason both of its suggestiveness and of its lucidity, is desirable in a newspaper. It is refreshing also to find Mr. Dana leading his young hearers to the great fountain-head of English speech, and impressing upon them the necessity of studying Shakespeare, and declaring that the knowledge of Shakespeare is indispensable to a journalist; and in this day of a licentious press there certainly can be nothing more tonic than the commendation of John Milton's immortal essay on the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." In view, too, of the kind of political writing that most of the newspapers give their readers, it is interesting to find Mr. Dana dwelling upon the necessity of understanding, by "serious, calm, persistent study," the Constitution of the United States and the contemporary history of the world. The climax of apparent contradiction between the average American newspaper and the preparation which Mr. Dana outlines for the young men who propose to go into journalism is reached in his striking tribute to the Bible, not so much for its religious qualities, but for its magnificent style and for its immense capital of education, the appropriation of which furnishes a man for almost every sort of intellectual work.

Mr. Dana's address is, on the whole, one of the most significant and hopeful utterances of recent times. It ought to have immense weight with young men, because it comes from one of the most successful practitioners of the art of journalism—a man who has grown old in the practice of that art, and who ought, therefore, to be able to advise young men with regard to the elements which command

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success in a profession of which he is perhaps the foremost representative in this country. When this advice is laid to heart, the average American newspaper will cease to be "a National calamity," and become a true representative and exponent of American life. To-day it libels the country it professes to serve, and corrupts the readers it attempts to entertain.

Remedies for Lawlessness

It is not by design that this number of The Outlook contains two contributions on the subject of Lawlessness—one by Austin Abbott, LL.D., the Dean of the New York University Law School, the other by his brother, the pastor of Plymouth Church. The minister speaks as a moralist. He points out the fact, recognized by all philosophic writers on the subject except the Anarchists, that liberty is not the right to do whatever one pleases; that we are all environed on every side by law; that liberty is the right of the individual to ascertain for himself what these laws are and to obey them as he understands them, provided he does not, in so doing, violate the rights of his neighbor. The lawyer speaks as a jurist. He reaches the same conclusion, though by a different method. He shows that traditions and precedents do not make laws, though they give us aid in ascertaining what law is; and he urges the necessity of some systematic instruction in those eternal and immutable principles which are the foundation of law, and which are embodied in all legislation that is truly lawful, and are interpreted in all precedents that are truly authoritative.

We advise those who read the sermon to turn, after reading it, to the article by the jurist. The one both supplements and enforces the other. Nor can we conceive, at the present epoch, a more valuable and timely endowment than that of such a chair as Dr. Austin Abbott calls for at the close of his article. The people of the United States are not bound by mere precedents, and will not pay the highest respect to mere traditions. But they are intelligent enough to perceive the meaning of a great principle, and moral enough to pay obedience to it, when its nature and applications are made clear to them. And we can think of no course of instruction more valuable to the jurist, the legislator, the editor, and the educator, than such a course of instruction in the fundamental principles of law as Dr. Austin Abbott suggests.

Aftermath

The "Congregationalist," the "Independent," and the "Advance" all have editorials on the action of the American Board of last week. The "Congregationalist" represents the catholic and progressive spirit, the "Independent" the conservative spirit, and the "Advance" combative and polemic conservatism. The "Congregationalist" rejoices in the result at Worcester, which it characterizes as "the more satisfactory because it is not the triumph of a party, but practically the deliberate judgment of the entire Board." It is of the opinion that the changes instituted will tend to bring the Board into closer connection with the churches, but that they do not imply any change in its doctrinal basis. The "Independent" receives the result at Worcester with surprise and regret, but recognizes "some aspects of the case which seem to relieve the outlook." These aspects of the case are simply the indications that the appointment of Mr. Noyes does not involve a change in the doctrinal basis of the Board. It is mistaken in saying that "the Board has reaffirmed the validity of the instructions against future probation." The Board simply said that this appointment is not to be taken as modifying those instructions. Professor Fisher interpreted this resolution with exact accuracy in saying that if those instructions were to be modified at all, it should be done openly and directly, not by implication. The "Advance" characterizes the meeting as "a revolution." In declaring that "the Board reaffirmed fidelity to the platform on which it has stood since the Des Moines meeting," it falls into the same error as the "Independent;" but it regards the personnel of the new Prudential Committee as affording an evidence that the Des Moines instructions will not be adhered to "with too much tenacity." It is unmistakably suspicious as to the future, warns the Board that men's "sins must not be minified and their condemnation must not be shaded off into mere misfortune," and expresses the fear that the appointment of Mr. Noyes "will prove an entering wedge to the admission of that which the great majority of the Board and denomination unite in opposing."

All three journals, however, promise the Board under this new administration their support. This promise in the "Independent" is not less cordial and hearty than in the "Congregationalist." In the "Advance" it is more qualified; its strongest word of indorsement is, perhaps, the following clause: "The 'Advance' will, nevertheless, continue to be heartily loyal to the Board, until loyalty to the Board comes to be disloyalty to the Gospel of Christ." The "Congregationalist" points out specifically that the Prudential Committee "will have at once to consider how to raise $250,000 in addition to the amount raised last year, in order to maintain the missions, without enlargement, and to pay the debt of $88,000." We have one practical suggestion to make. One contributor week before last put with his pledge into the contribution-plate a card saying that this pledge covered the period of the last four years, during which time he had not contributed to the Board on account of its policy. If every contributor who has lessened or omitted his subscription during the past epoch of battle will pay up arrears, the Prudential Committee will have a good beginning toward its $250,000.

Charles François Gounod

Charles François Gounod, the foremost of French composers, and one of the most widely known of all modern composers, died in Paris last week. He was born in that city in 1818, and came naturally by his artistic temperament, for his father was a painter of talent, and he received his earliest musical education at the hands of his mother. His life began with the study of the old masters of religious music at Rome; he was a church organist and a student of theology for a time in his young manhood; and the stroke of apoplexy from which he died fell upon him on Sunday afternoon at his own home while a company of singers and a well-known Parisian organist were performing his Requiem Mass, in which he himself was taking part. It is not surprising, therefore, to recall that of his three best-known and probably most lasting works, two—the "Messe Solennelle" and "The Redemption" oratorio—are distinctively religious; while the third—his "Faust" opera, by which his fame was made and on which it will rest as long as Goethe's name and poem are remembered—is decidedly ethical, if not strictly religious, in its story.

It is perhaps because of this marked development of

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Gounod's religious nature that his music appeals directly to the emotions. He was not a deep and steady spiritualist like Beethoven, nor a mystic like Wagner or Berlioz, nor an intellectual academician like Brahms, nor a *genre* painter and colorist like Saint-Saens: he was a melodist. And while not by any means the greatest musician of the century, he was near to being chief of its masters of melody. It naturally follows that in most of his work he used the human voice as a medium of musical expression, and, although capable of getting splendid effects from the orchestra, as in "Faust" and "The Redemption," he did almost no purely orchestral work. His greatest claim to public honor and esteem is, it seems to us, that he brought the popular taste in touch with musical art of a high order. Only those whose taste has been somewhat cultivated can really enjoy and feed upon Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Brahms; while any man or woman who has a leaning toward music can listen with satisfaction and benefit to such songs as "There is a green hill far away," to the simple and beautiful "Benedictus" from the "Solemn Mass," and to the deeply dramatic and yet ever charming "Faust."

The Bible and Modern Criticism

There are not a few persons who fear the effect of the modern critical method of studying the Bible, lest it shall destroy the authority of the Bible; lest, even more than that, it shall despoil the Bible of its supernaturalism, and take away one more, and to them the chief, witness to the presence and power of a revealed God. We are quite prepared to recognize the force of this objection if the effect is what fear imagines it will be. We are quite prepared, also, to admit that this has been in some cases the apparent, if not the real, effect. But we do not believe that it is a necessary result, or will be the ultimate result.

The Modern Criticism is only one of the methods of the modern evolutionary philosophy; and that philosophy may be either theistic or atheistic. Evolutionary philosophy may approach life in a purely rationalistic spirit; that is, it may refuse to accept the testimony of the spiritual nature; it may study phenomena merely, and undertake, not to account for them, but only to classify them. It may practically ignore, if not deny, the testimony of consciousness, and study both man and nature as machines. If the student approaches the Bible in this spirit, he will eliminate from it the supernatural, simply because he eliminates the supernatural from all life, and will regard miracles as myths or impositions, and prophecies as the erratic guesses of genius, and seeming revelation as the ebullitions of emotionalism. In brief, taking it for granted that God is not in his world, this philosophy will endeavor to explain all the evidences of his presence by some other hypothesis. But it will not do this more in its study of the Bible than in its study of nature, of history, of the spiritual life. And it will not succeed; because the evidences of that presence are too numerous, too cumulative, too conclusive, to be explained away.

On the other hand, the theist will start in his study of the Bible, as he starts in his study of all life and literature, with another premise. He will assume that God is in his world, and that God is revealing himself to his children. He will assume that all life is divine, or at least has divine elements in it. He will not, however, relegate God to one country, one age, one language, one literature, or one set of teachers. He will not draw a sharp line between genius and inspiration; but he will count all genius as scintillations of the divine life. He will not draw sharply the line between the Bible and other books; but he will see God more in other books, not less in the Bible. He will not count miracles as violations of natural law or suspensions of natural law; but he will count them more, not less, cogent as witnesses to the divine presence, power, and love. He will not regard prophecies as always infallibly accurate, or look always for their literal fulfillment; but he will recognize God more in the spiritual vision which sees infinite law beneath all events than in the occasional glimpse which foresees future events. He will believe no less in Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel because he believes that Christ inaugurated an era which moves forward toward the fullness of time when God will pour out of his Spirit upon all flesh, and the daughters shall prophesy, and the young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams. In short, he will see God not less in the Bible because he sees God more in the thoughts and experiences of the men of the Bible; and he will see not less authority in the Bible because it awakens in him the power to hear the Voice which its authors heard, and see the Person whom they saw. If the Modern Criticism is turned out of the Church as a heretic, there is no little danger that it will study the Bible in the first method. If it is kept within the Church, and therefore is kept reverent and devout, there is good reason to believe that it will study the Bible in the second spirit. And such study will recognize the Bible as more divine because it will recognize life as more divine, and as more authoritative because it will bring the soul nearer to Him who is the source of all authority.

The readers of The Outlook will, with its editors, feel a special interest in the call given to our associate, the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, to an English pastorate, and will be inclined to congratulate us, as we congratulate them, that this call has been declined. Under ordinary circumstances a transfer from one nation to another, except for distinctively missionary purposes, is not advisable, but the circumstances in this case are not ordinary. Westminster Chapel, from which the call came, is, next to the Metropolitan Tabernacle (where Mr. Spurgeon so long preached), the largest church building belonging to any Nonconformist body in England; is placed in the midst of an enormous population, within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament, where it forms the natural place of worship for many Nonconformist Members from all parts of the country; and, with the slums of Westminster on one side, and the mansions of Belgravia and Kensington on the other, has special facilities for the best form of missionary effort. Dr. Bradford went to this church last summer, at a time when it is peculiarly difficult to gather a congregation, and after the pulpit had stood for so long a time vacant that the church in the best season had but small congregations. During his two months' services the congregation steadily grew, until the church was well filled both morning and evening, and those who had this enterprise at heart pleaded strongly and effectively with Dr. Bradford that the opportunities for usefulness which they offered him far exceeded those which could be offered even by the best of New York suburban parishes. On the other hand, every organization in his church signed and sent petitions urging him not to go; on Sunday the people, taking the matter into their own hands, by a unanimous and rising vote, urged him to remain; and these requests were seconded and indorsed both by many individuals outside his parish, and by the unanimous action of the Congregational Club of New York City and vicinity. Dr. Bradford has finally decided to remain on this side the Atlantic, and will continue his work here with his parish, with that diocese (may we not call it so?) which his position and influence have created for him in New Jersey, and with The Outlook, with which he has been editorially associated during the past year.

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A Journalist on Journalism

Part of an Address by Mr. Charles A. Dana before the Students of Union College

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Mr. Charles Anderson Dana, the editor of the New York "Sun," was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in the year 1819, and is consequently now seventy-four years old; it may be added that he has preserved his vigor, physical and mental, in a remarkable degree even as compared with the many other vigorous septuagenarians of this decade. This has been due largely, we imagine, to the variety of his intellectual interests and his cheerfulness of temperament; in art, in foreign languages and literature, in forestry and gardening, as well as in journalism, he has constantly employed his activities. Mr. Dana studied two years at Harvard, and in 1842, the year after his leaving the College, joined the famous Brook Farm community in Roxbury, Mass. It was there that he met Mr. George Ripley (later his colleague in journalism and in the editorship of Appletons' "American Cyclopædia"), Parke Godwin, George William Curtis, J. S. Dwight, and the others whose names are so well known in connection with this curious social experiment. Mr. Dana joined the staff of the New York "Tribune" in 1847, and afterwards became managing editor under Horace Greeley. Letters which passed between the two at this period have lately been printed in book form, and make both instructive and entertaining reading, especially for journalists. Besides the extremely arduous work of editing the "Cyclopædia," which lasted for seven or eight years, Mr. Dana compiled, in this earlier part of his career, the "Household Book of Poetry" which is one of our best-known popular anthologies. For three years from 1862 he was in the Government service, holding for the last two years the position of Assistant Secretary of War. His reminiscences of war times, published occasionally as circumstances brought them out, have made good reading and have thrown strong light on many contested points. Mr. Dana came into possession of the "Sun" in 1868, and, it is understood, still holds the principal ownership of the paper. As editor of the "Sun" his public career has been too often commented on and described to require further words here. We reprint that portion of Mr. Dana's lecture which deals with the preparatory education of the journalist.

Charles A. Dana

The profession of journalism is comparatively new. It really is, as it exists to-day, an affair of the last forty or fifty years. When I began to practice it, the apparatus which we have now was quite unknown. The sheets which we daily take in our hands, and from which we gather a view of the whole world and of all that has been going on in it, all the sciences, all the ideas, all the achievements, all the new lights that influence the destiny of mankind—all that was entirely out of the question. There was no such apparatus, and it has been created by the necessities of the public and by the genius of a few men who have invented, step by step, the machinery and the methods that are indispensable, and without which we could not undertake to do what we do.

Of course, the most essential part of this great mechanism is not the mechanism itself; it is the intelligence, the brains, and the sense of truth and honor that reside in the men who conduct it and make it a vehicle of usefulness—or it may be of mischief; because what is useful can just as easily be turned to mischief if the engineer who stands behind and lets on the steam is of an erroneous disposition.

The number of intellectual young men who are looking at this new profession, which, for the want of a better name, we call the profession of journalism, is very great. I suppose that I myself receive every day, taking one day with another, half a dozen letters from men, many of them college graduates, asking for employment, and for an opportunity of showing what is in them. Of course they cannot all get it in the same paper. Now and then one obtains a place, but, generally, the rule that is observed in all well-organized newspaper offices is that the boys who began at the beginning are taken up step by step in accordance with their faculties and their merits. This is so because, as we know in college, it is impossible that there should be any imposture which sets a man's abilities above their real value, since in the daily intercourse and the daily competition of study and of recitation the real worth of a man's brain is demonstrated, so that there is never any doubt. So it is in a newspaper office. The boys who begin at the bottom come out at the top. At the same time, these boys do not all start out with the best outfit—that is to say, with the best education; and I have known very distinguished authorities who doubted whether high education was of any great use to a journalist. Horace Greeley told me several times that the real newspaper man was the boy who had slept on newspapers and ate ink. Although I served him for years and we were very near in our personal relations, I think he always had a little grudge against me because I came up through a college.

Now, here before us are a number of young gentlemen who, I have no doubt, will be led to embrace this profession. We know that among a certain number of students there are so many doctors, so many clergymen, so many lawyers—sometimes too many lawyers; and there are also, of course, a considerable number who are looking forward to this great civilizing engine of the press—and it is a great engine.

Just consider the clergyman. He preaches two or three times in a week, and he has for his congregation two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, and, if he is a great popular orator in a great city, he may have a thousand hearers; but the newspaper man is the stronger, because, throughout all the avenues of newspaper communication, how many does he preach to? A million, half a million, two hundred thousand people; and his preaching is not on Sundays only, but it is every day. He reiterates, he says it over and over, and finally the thing gets fixed in men's minds from the mere habit of saying it and hearing it; and, without criticising, without inquiring whether it is really so, the newspaper dictum gets established and is taken for gospel; and perhaps it is not gospel at all!

In regard to this profession there are two stages, and we will consider each of them separately. The first is the stage of preparation. What sort of preparation, what sort of preliminary education, should a man have who means to devote himself to this business? There are some colleges which have lately introduced schools of journalism or departments of journalism, where they propose to teach the art of newspaper-making, to instruct the student in the methods that he should employ, and to fit him out so that he can go to a newspaper office and make a newspaper.

Well, I will not say that is not useful. I do not know that there is in any intellectual study, or in any intellectual pursuit, or in any intellectual occupation that is followed with zeal and attention, anything that can be described as useless. No, I do not know of anything, if you really learn it, although it may seem to your next neighbor around the corner rather trivial, that is not useful, after all. There is certainly a great utility and a profound science in baseball, and the man who pursues it and acquires it has acquired something that will be useful to him. He has got a knowledge, he has got an intellectual discipline, that will be valuable all his life through. So it is with every study that a man may pursue, so that we cannot say that anything is useless. But as for these departments of journalism in the colleges: there has been one at Cornell University for several years, for six or eight years I should say, and I have never found that a student or graduate who had pursued that department there, instead of pursuing other studies, was of any great avail as a practical worker in the newspaper work that he had been trying to learn.

In fact, it seems to me, if I may be allowed a little criticism, that the colleges generally are rather branching out too much, until they are inclined to take the whole universe into their curriculum, and to teach things which do not exactly belong there. Give the young man a first-class course of general education; and if I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion. I had rather take a young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles, and who has read Tacitus, and can scan every ode of Horace—I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling-match, for instance, than to take one who has never had those advantages. I believe in the colleges; I believe in high education; but I do not believe in scattering your fire before you are in the face of the enemy.

When you begin to practice the profession of a newspaper man, then is the best time to begin to learn it; but while you are in college, with the daily series of professors, and all the appliances of study that belong to the college, make the best of them, and pursue vigorously those studies that give accuracy in learning, and that give fidelity and accuracy in recitation. The great end of education, President Walker used to say, is to be able to tell what you know; and he used to say,

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too, that some bright men carried it so far that they were able to tell a great deal they did not know!

There is no question that accuracy, the faculty of seeing a thing as it is, of knowing, for instance, that it is two and one-quarter and not two and three-eighths, and saying so, is one of the first and most precious ends of a good education. Next to that, I would put the ability to know how and where most promptly to look for what you don't know and what you want to know. Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's great object, being able to tell what you know, and to tell it accurately, precisely, without exaggeration, without prejudice, the fact just as it is, whether it be a report of a baseball game, or of a sermon, or of a lecture on electricity—whatever it may be, to get the thing exactly as it is. The man who can do that is a very well educated man.

In addition come the qualities of personal talent and genius. Now, genius is a great factor. When we think of such a genius as the one I have just mentioned, the late Mr. Greeley, why, our minds may well be filled with admiration. I do not suppose more than one or two gentlemen here ever knew Mr. Greeley personally; but he was a man of immense ability, of instincts of extraordinary correctness in many respects, and of the power of expression, of telling what he knew, in a delightfully picturesque, humorous way which not merely instructed the hearer and reader, but gave him a sense of delight and satisfaction from the mere art that was applied in the telling. He had had no great advantages of education. He had to pick up his education as he went along, reading in the winter evenings by the firelight, and never wasting a chance of learning something. But he lacked one of the most precious faculties, which it is another great object of the college education to cultivate and bring out, and that is what we will call the critical faculty, the judgment which, when a proposition is stated to you or a fact is reported, looks at it calmly and says, "That is true," or else "That is false:" the judgment, the instinct, the developed and cultivated instinct, which knows the truth when it is presented and detects error when it comes masquerading before you, without the necessity of any long examination to ascertain whether it is truth or error. This great man of whom I am speaking, this great and brilliant journalist, one of the greatest we have produced, was deficient in that faculty, so that sometimes he was mistaken. We are all of us mistaken occasionally, I dare say, but perhaps his mistakes were more conspicuous because of his great power in writing and his rare genius.

The first thing for the man who is looking forward to this profession in which the use of the English language is the main thing, since it is the instrument that he must apply continually for the expression of ideas and for the dissemination of knowledge, is to know this language thoroughly, and that is the very corner-stone of the education that a journalist should look forward to, and should labor after, and should neglect no opportunity of improving himself in.

After a knowledge of the English language comes, of course, in regular order, the practice, the cultivation of the ability to use it, the development of that art which in its latest form we call style, and which distinguishes one writer from another. This style is something of such evanescent, intangible nature that it is difficult to tell in what it consists. I suppose it is in the combination of imagination and humor, with the entire command of the word-resources of the language, all applied together in the construction of sentences. I suppose that is what makes style. It is a very precious gift, but it is not a gift that can always be acquired by practice or by study.

It may be added that, certainly in its highest perfection, it can never be acquired by practice. I do not believe, for instance, that everybody who should endeavor to acquire such a style as the late Dr. Channing possessed could succeed in doing so. He was a famous writer fifty years ago in Boston, and his style is of the most beautiful and remarkable character. As a specimen of it, let me suggest to you his essay on Napoleon Bonaparte. That was perhaps the very best of the critical analysis of Napoleon that succeeded to the period of Napoleon-worship which had run all over the world. Channing's style was sweet, pure, and delightful, without having those surprises, those extraordinary felicities, that mark the styles of some writers. It was perfectly simple, translucent throughout, without effort, never leaving you in any doubt as to the idea; and you closed the book with the feeling that you had fallen in with the most sympathetic mind, whose instructions you might sometimes accept or sometimes reject, but whom you could not regard without entire respect and admiration.

Another example of a very beautiful and admirable style, which is well worth study, is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In his writings we are charmed with the new sense and meaning that he seems to give to familiar words. It is like reading a new language to take a chapter of Hawthorne; yet it is perfectly lovely, because, with all its suggestiveness, it is perfectly clear; and when you have done with it you wish you could do it yourself.

The next thing that I would dwell upon would be the knowledge of politics, and especially of American politics. This is a very hard subject. Its history is difficult. If you go back to the foundation of the Republic, you find it was extremely complicated even then; and it requires very careful study and a very elevated impartiality to make your analysis at all satisfactory to yourself as you go through the work.

Still, it is indispensable to a man who means to fill an important place in journalism—and all who begin upon it certainly have that intention. No young man goes into any profession without a good degree of ambition; no young man can carry his ambition very far in journalism—I mean, in general, universal journalism, not in special—no man can carry his ambition very far who does not know politics; and in order to know politics there must be in the man some natural disposition for politics. I have often been appealed to by friends who said: "Can't you take this young man and give him employment?" Then I will watch that young man for a month or so, and see what it is that he takes up in the morning. If he takes up the newspaper and turns to the political part of the paper, and is interested in that, why, that is a good symptom of his intellectual tendencies; but if, instead of that, he takes up a magazine and sits down to read a love-story, why, you cannot make a newspaper man out of him.

And yet he may make a very good writer of love-stories; and as that is a sort of merchandise which seems to be always in demand, and to bring pretty fair prices, why, if you have a talent in that direction, go ahead. You may make a good living, I have no doubt; but you will not play any momentous part upon the stage of public affairs, and that is the sphere of activity which the generous-hearted and courageous youth looks forward to.

In order to be of importance in the affairs of this world in the newspaper profession, you must be a politician, and you must know, not merely the theories and doctrines of parties, not merely the recondite part of politics, but you must know practical politics, the history, the men, the individuals, their ideas, their purposes, and their deeds; know them, if you can, as they really are, not as the blind and the prejudiced may imagine them to be.

Now, Mr. Greeley is my great exemplar in journalism. He thought a newspaper man was of little use who did not know just the number of votes in every township in the State of New York, and in every voting precinct, and who could not tell whether the returns from the Second District of Bound Ridge, in Westchester County, were correctly reported or not, without sending to the place to find out how many votes had really been cast. That was one of his great points of distinction and success; but I would not advise you to labor after that sort of knowledge unless you have inherited a natural talent for it. But you should understand and appreciate the theory of the American Government, you should know where this Republic began, where it came from, and where it belongs in the history of mankind, and what part it is destined to play in the vast drama of human existence. That is the sort of politics that must appeal to any intelligent man, and that will surely test his utmost powers. And while we are on this point, we may say, in passing, that an American who thinks another country is better than this should not go into journalism. You must be for the Stars and Stripes every time, or the people of this country won't be for you, and you won't sell enough papers to pay your expenses.

In order to understand the theory of the American Government, the most serious, calm, persistent study should be given to the Constitution of the United States. I don't mean learning it by heart, committing it to memory. What you want is to understand it, to know the principles at the bottom of it; to feel the impulse of it; to feel the heart-beat that thrills through the whole American people. That is the vitality that is worth knowing; that is the sort of politics that excels all the mysteries of ward elections, and lifts you up into a view where you can see the clear skies, the unknown expanse of the future. Besides the Constitution of the United States, it is well to be acquainted with the Constitutions of all the States. All these Constitutions are more or less modeled upon the central Constitution; but there are differences, and those differences a man ought to know. The citizen of New York ought to understand the Constitution of New York, and for himself get at the reason for this and that provision. Take, for instance, the great question which has occupied the people of New York so long—the question of an elective judiciary or of a judiciary appointed by the Governor: which is better, which is right? That is better and that is right, evidently, which gives better judges and which produces a more equable, steady, consistent, and just administration of law. Well, now, the young man who sets to work and studies out that question has accomplished a great deal: he has got a light in his mind that will go with him a great way, and that will help out his judgment in other things. Supposing that he is conducting a newspaper, and is responsible to the people for conducting it in an instructive and useful manner, and for having it such that when he says a thing is so the people will know that it is so—the man who knows the Constitution of the States, of his own State and of all the principal States, as well as the Constitution of the United States, is well fitted for conducting a newspaper, or even for administering a Government.

The modern newspaper, however, is not confined to any neighborhood or to any country. You have got to look beyond your own land; you have got to study the history of every European country. You must know, first of all, the history of England. We came from England; the American Constitution is rooted in English principles and in English history. You want to know where it started from. You want to go into the garden where the seed was first sown and watch the growth of this great product of wisdom and beneficence which we call the American Constitution. You see, the course of preparatory study is pretty large; and it is not very easy; it must be carried on in earnest. It is not a matter of fancy or of play. And so not merely with the history of England, but with the history of all of Europe, of every great and every little country. The course of human history offers a safe guide for human action, and especially for political action.

But I do not propose all these things as a course of preparatory study for a young man. You cannot learn everything in a day. It is as much as many men can do to learn a few things in the lapse of a long life; but at least try to learn something solid, to add to your stock of efficacious knowledge, to add to your understanding of principles, and to feel that as little effort as possible has been wasted and as little time as possible flung away.

The next point to be attended to is this: What books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable—a few books. Almost all books have their use—even the silly ones—and an omnivorous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never fear that his time is

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wasted, even when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is printed. But there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating and to the profession that we are considering; and of all these the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now, not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation—none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence: there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?

Then, everybody who is going to practice the newspaper profession ought to know Shakespeare. He is the chief master of English speech. He is the head of English literature. Considered as a writer, considered as a poet, considered as a philosopher, I do not know another who can be named with him. He is not merely a constructor of plays that are powerful and impressive when they are shown upon the stage, with all the auxiliaries of lights and scenery and characters: he is a high literary treasure, a mighty storehouse of wisdom, the great glory of the literature of our language; and if you don't know him, knowing the language may not be of much avail, after all. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, and I take it back; but it is an object to know Shakespeare; it is indispensable to a journalist.

Then there is another English author who ought not to be neglected by any young man who means to succeed in this profession. I mean John Milton; and I invite your attention to that immortal essay of his, too little known in our day, the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. It is a treasury of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments, and of the greatest instruction; study that, and you will get at once the philosophy of English liberty and the highest doctrine that has ever been promulgated, to my knowledge, with regard to the freedom of the press.

When I advise you to make yourselves familiar with these glories of English literature, I do not say that these writers ought to be taken as models. Do not take any model. Every man has his own natural style, and the thing to do is to develop it into simplicity and clearness. Do not, for instance, labor after such a style as Matthew Arnold's—one of the most beautiful styles that has ever been seen in any literature. It is no use to try to get another man's style, or to imitate the wit or the mannerisms of another writer. The late Mr. Carlyle, for example, did, in my judgment, a considerable mischief in his day, because he led everybody to write after the style of his "French Revolution," and it became pretty tedious. They got over it after a time, however. But it was not a good thing. Let every man write in his own style, taking care only not to be led into any affectation, but to be perfectly clear, perfectly simple—or, in other words, to follow the honored and noble traditions of Union College.

In the Land of Tyranny

By the Rev. F. E. Clark

For one outside of the Turkish Empire to get an accurate idea of the present condition of things in that country is very difficult, since the most lynx-eyed espionage on every communication which may reveal the truth is the order of the day.

In many parts of Turkey the Government does not hesitate to tamper with the mails and to intercept private telegrams, while its regulations and restrictions in regard to the written or printed matter which leaves the country or enters it are most exasperating and absurd.

Every book and pamphlet which I carried, down to a harmless Baedeker, was seized as I entered the Mediterranean port of Mersin, and I did not draw a long breath of perfect freedom, or write an article or letter in which the whole truth could be told, until five weeks after, when I steamed away from the Golden Horn, and found myself in the free atmosphere of classic Greece.

Of course the missionaries cannot tell what they know in regard to the state of affairs in Turkey, if they ever wish to preach the Gospel again in the domain of the Sultan. All that these noble men can do is to keep still and to suffer in silence.

Moreover, it is only fair to say that many of them consider it their duty to preach submission and loyalty to the powers that be. If he did but know it, the Sultan has no better friend than the missionaries of the American Board in Turkey. Nor are there any people who do more to support his tottering throne or to prevent anarchy and rebellion within his borders.

To be sure, this is not all for love of the Sultan or of his government, by any means, but because they know that they are between the devil and the deep sea—the devil of Russia on the north, and the deep sea of the wretched Ottoman Government on the south. They know something of the latter, and they prefer to bear the ills they now endure rather than to flee to those they know not of. Besides, they realize that the subject nations of Turkey, after years of serfdom, are more unfit to govern than the Turks themselves, and this knowledge makes them more patient with the present régime than one could believe possible.

But when all this has been said, it is true beyond a question that the land of Turkey is the most wretchedly misgoverned of any land on the face of the earth which pretends to call itself a nation. It is true that if ever a people had a moral right to rise in rebellion and stamp out the governing classes, that right belongs to the subject nations of Turkey. The wrongs of our forefathers dwindle into petty and inconsiderable grievances when compared with the sorrows and vexations, the wrongs and the frauds, which are perpetrated every day upon the subjects of the Sultan. Indeed, subjects is a word too dignified to be used in this connection. "America has citizens, England has subjects, Turkey has abjects," it has been pithily said, and the wrongs of these "abjects" should appeal to the sympathy of the civilized world.

It is no excuse for the present state of affairs to say that the same hardships are endured by the Turks as by the Armenians and Greeks and other subject peoples of Turkey. It only shows how widespread and ineradicable are the evils of the present government. Only a deluge which shall sweep out of power and off the face of the earth the last vestige of the rule of the "sick man" of Europe can cleanse these Augean stables.

But to descend a little more to particulars. The stupid interference of the censor of the press with all the reading-matter of these "abjects" of the Sultan is well known. Americans have laughed over the true story of the expunged work on chemistry, in which the Sultan's blue pencil was drawn through the symbol "H_2O," for fear it might be meant to mean "Hamid II. is nothing." We have thought it a good joke when we read that a book on natural history was put on the *index expurgatorius* because its chapter on "starfishes" might be supposed to have reference to the Star Palace, which the Sultan occupies; and that a book on astronomy was also tabooed because it referred to the "revolution" of the planets. We have thought, perhaps, that it was exceedingly funny that the authorities should send a posse of constables to arrest a certain man named Paul, who had written an incendiary epistle to the people of Galatia, which these sapient rulers thought indicated that the author lived in Galata, a district of Constantinople.

All these examples of tyranny seem to have their appropriate place in the columns of a comic newspaper; but it is anything but a joke when we get into the land of Turkey itself, or at least these jokes are so grim and ghastly that one is glad to leave them as far behind him as possible.

It can be imagined that there is no stimulus to the intellectual or social life of these down-trodden people. Many an evening have I passed in a Turkish khan, or the guest-chamber of a village, where, as soon as the shades of night fell, all activity, physical and intellectual, ceased. There was nothing to do but to go to bed. There were no newspapers to read, because there were none published within hundreds of miles; and if a paper had floated thither, scarcely one of the inhabitants of the village could have read it. There were no meetings, no lectures, no reading-rooms, no libraries, no books—nothing, in fact, to spur the sluggish intellectual life which for centuries has been utterly stagnant.

Nor is it possible to arouse a people so misgoverned to exertion, or to provoke their ambition. "What is the use? what is the use?" is always the helpless and hopeless question which one would hear from these oppressed villagers. "If we cultivate a better farm than our neighbors, we shall

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be taxed more for it." "If we raise larger crops, they will all have to go to the insatiable tax-collector, who will be attracted by our thrift to make larger demands upon us." "If we graft our trees and raise better fruit, that will at once excite the cupidity of the Government officials, and we shall be able to taste very little of it ourselves." "If we get ahead in the world, we must conceal our wealth or we shall lose it." No wonder they ask this most hopeless of all questions, "What is the use of trying for anything better?"

For the maintenance of the road over which we journeyed for more than four hundred miles from the Mediterranean Sea to within a short distance of Constantinople the people have been taxed to death. Thousands of pounds are every year wrung from these poor peasants on the pretext of building and repairing this road, and yet much of it has never been built, and I believe none of it has ever been repaired. It is still largely a mere camel-track across the Taurus Mountains and over the interminable plateau of central Asia Minor, traversed by bridgeless rivers and mountain torrents. Many sections of the road which have been built have already been allowed to fall into hopeless disrepair, and yet the taxes are kept up, and the imperial treasury, and all the treasuries of the sub-robbers to whom the contracts are let out, are kept full with this blood-money wrung by fraud from the defenseless people. No wonder that many of these villages are not only destitute of intellectual life, but are most pitiable and wretched in every respect. The low mud and stone houses, with flat roofs also made of mud, through which the water leaks on the slightest provocation, are plastered on the outside with the manure which is the universal fuel of this land. For hundreds of miles every bush as large as a lead-pencil has been cut down and pulled up by the roots to afford its scanty fuel. This Turkey is picked and singed to the very pin-feathers.

As can be imagined, dirt and decay and vermin hold possession of many of these little villages. In one of them, where we stopped to eat dinner by the wayside, I counted, last April, ten dead sheep, a dead camel, a dead donkey, and a defunct dog, all lying in or near the public street of this one little settlement. To be sure, things are somewhat better in the larger towns, and in many places this squalor and wretchedness, intellectual and physical, has been vastly relieved by the advent of the missionaries. I am speaking now of villages and hamlets where the missionaries have not gone.

Moreover, it is not only a land of physical wretchedness, but a country of constant fear and intimidation. No one who gets up in the morning knows whether or not he will be allowed to go to bed in his own house or in a Turkish jail. If any charge can be trumped up against him by the Turkish authorities, he is pretty sure to sleep in the dungeon. One prominent Protestant of whom I know was thrown into a Turkish dungeon, where he languished for many months, simply because he remarked in casual conversation that the Sultan was bankrupt. A poor woman came to the missionary with whom I was traveling, in great distress, saying that her husband, who was one of our Protestant pastors, had disappeared; that for three months he had not been heard from, and that she and her baby had been left destitute. She had no idea where he was, whether alive or dead, or, if arrested, what his offense might have been. I have since heard that, after some five or six months in jail, he has been released, his only offense being that there was some technical informality in the passport which he carried. These cases might be multiplied ten thousand fold and then ten thousand more cases of rank oppression would remain to be told.

On my journey from Cæsarea to Angora I saw many prisoners of the recent abortive Armenian rebellion who were released and on their way home. They looked radiant enough, as can easily be imagined, but what their condition would have been if we had met them going the other way could have been as easily imagined. Professor Thoumain, of Marsovan, whose name has become famous in connection with false charges preferred against him in connection with that same uprising, was met by a friend of mine on his way from one prison to another. Around his neck and on his feet had been riveted heavy iron chains. The links of these rough chains, which are as large as those the Maine loggers use in securing their runaway logs on a turbulent river, had none of their rough edges filed off, and were cutting into the flesh of the Professor's neck with every jolt of the springless wagon; and this is the common method for the transportation of prisoners in Turkey.

No wonder that myriads of oppressed peoples are uttering the despairing cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Have not America and England some reason to listen to the sighing of the prisoner, and, in the name of humanity, to break the chains which have so long bound him down intellectually, spiritually, and physically?

An October Rose

By Clara Brewster Potwin

Yet one more Rose. One left, that Fall may know
The color, fragrance, zest, of Summer's show.
And ask'st thou why she lingers till the last,
When Summer's breath and Summer's blooms are past,
When Autumn beckons her with trembling hand,
And all about her dread forerunners stand?
And think'st thou 'tis past her time to glow,
This last, late Rose?

So long as suns shine warm and soft winds blow,
She blooms to let some hapless creature know
That Summer is not dead—just at a nap
She fell through drowsy chance from out her lap.
Can'st thou not read the message she would show,
This last, sweet Rose?

Professor Benjamin Jowett

By Norman H. Smith

Mansfield College, Oxford

Yesterday the mortal remains of the famous Master of Balliol were laid to rest in the cemetery of St. Sepulchre, in this city. The crowd of distinguished men who then gathered to pay respect to their lost friend and teacher was most significant in many ways of the extraordinary influence wielded by the Master on Oxford, and, through Oxford, on England and all English-speaking lands. The pall-bearers, eight in number, were all Balliol men and pupils of Dr. Jowett, and all Heads of houses. No Oxford teacher ever had such a record as that alone. The houses of learning thus represented are Magdalen, Merton, Exeter, Oriel, Brasenose, All Souls', and Lincoln Colleges here, and Eton College, which is rather a school than a college, properly so called. But, beyond this, it is a curious coincidence that seven of her Majesty's judges and seven of the present professors of this University are old Balliol men, and all, with the exception of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who was a contemporary, are pupils of the late Master. No teacher has ever had such a band of illustrious pupils, and many a man present at that graveside yesterday owed everything to the unobtrusive kindness of Dr. Jowett. The main portion of the service was taken by Bishop Temple, of London, his former colleague at Balliol, and his companion in adversity in earlier days when both men were regarded as heresiarchs. Many another man was present whose name is associated with days and events that seem long bygone to the present generation; but at the same time an onlooker obtained a vivid impression of the extraordinary degree in which Balliol College, through the Master, has been brought into vital touch with the thought and life of the present day. To mention only a few of the friends and pupils who wended their way in long procession through St. Giles, there were Professors Froude and Huxley; Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, and Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon; Professor Max Müller; Principal Fairbairn,

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of Mansfield; Canon Fremantle and Archdeacon Palmer; Mr. Peel, the Speaker of the House of Commons; D. Humphry Ward; Canon Barnett, of Toynbee Hall; Mr. Montefiore (the latest Hibbert Lecturer); Professors Caird and Lewis Campbell, from Scotland; Professor Burdon Sanderson (the President of the British Association), Lord Tennyson, and many others equally well known. The funeral was impressively simple, and in every way worthy of the Master.

The life thus ended has been filled with single-hearted devotion to Balliol and to Oxford.

Born in London in 1817, Benjamin Jowett came up to Balliol at the age of eighteen from St. Paul's School, and never left the College afterwards. In 1838 he became Fellow, and tutor in 1842. As tutor he made himself a power almost immediately. The College hitherto had not been undistinguished, but speedily he brought it into the first rank, and the intellectual supremacy of Balliol from then till now has been readily recognized in the academic world. While confining his main energies to Balliol, Jowett became a power outside, both in education and in theology. As an educational reformer his aid was sought in inaugurating a new era with regard to the training of civil servants for the Indian Government, while the great University Commission which reformed our ancient seats of learning, and overthrew aristocratic prestige and ecclesiastical privileges therein, was very greatly influenced and molded by Mr. Jowett. Twenty years before the abolition of religious tests at Oxford, Jowett had boldly advocated a scheme for the admission of Nonconformists at Oxford. As to theology, he was in very early days marked as a dangerous heretic, and so, when, in 1855, Lord Palmerston recommended him for the vacant Regius Professorship of Greek, there was considerable murmuring. But when, later in the same year, his "Commentary on the Epistles" appeared, the storm burst, and a bitter opposition ensued on his application to the University for a moderate salary to be attached to his chair. The original endowment of these Regius Professorships both here and at Cambridge was £40 per annum. The office was generally a sinecure, and the holder generally had other appointments. Jowett was determined to work and to teach, and he naturally thought £40 was not adequate. But then the clerics said he was not orthodox, and so there was a big fight! In the end Jowett won, and before long (in 1860) appeared "Essays and Reviews," which raised a still greater storm. His essay on "The Interpretation of Scripture" would cause no great alarm to-day, but Dr. Pusey forthwith brought a charge of heresy against Jowett in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which was dismissed on technical grounds.

After long years of ceaseless and successful toil as tutor, Jowett became Master in 1870, and then ensued a period of comparative quiet but of constant activity. The great series of translations—Plato, Thucydides, Aristotle—were then completed, and have long since taken a high place in English literature. As Master, Jowett inaugurated quite a new era. Hitherto college-masterships had been held chiefly by old men, and were usually sinecures. Jowett retained tutorial supervision to some extent of every man in the College. He kept an eye on every department, and made his presence felt at every point. In endless ways he was constantly helping individual students. He was at once the idol and the terror of the College. His great instrument was sarcasm and irony, and yet in the end all his pupils came to see how truly kind-hearted and sympathetic he really was. In the Socratic method of dealing with pupils he had no equal. Endless stories are told of the Master's sayings when men went to read their essays to him. He always made a point of inviting his pupils to his house and table, and even there he did not spare them. A friend of mine, a scholar of the College, breakfasted with him during his first term, and in the exuberance of boyish spirits kept up a rattling conversation, dealing boldly with all manner of subjects both in heaven and earth. "Really, Mr. W.," at last squeaked the Master, "you make a great many unnecessary remarks!" One of our most famous editors of to-day relates how, while reading an essay to the Master, he made use of the word "evolution," and how he was bewildered when suddenly pulled up in full career with—"Evolution! what's that?"

Mr. Jowett made a constant practice of preaching in Balliol Chapel twice a term, and his sermons were unique. He dealt with many commonplace themes with what Mrs. Humphry Ward terms "subtle simplicity." He was specially fond of biographical sermons, and his last public utterance, only three months ago, in Westminster Abbey, was a skillful handling of the lives of Spinoza and John Bunyan. At the opening of Mansfield College, four years ago, he delighted all our guests by his felicitous speech in proposing prosperity to Mansfield. It was, he said, a "festival of reconciliation." "The points of difference were few, those of agreement many. Are our ideas of truth and right and goodness materially different? The great names of English literature—at least a great part of them—although they may be strictly claimed by Nonconformists, do not really belong to any party or caste. The names of Milton, of Bunyan, of Baxter, of Watts and Wesley, are the property of the whole English nation." He greatly approved of our new college buildings, and for weeks after the opening of Mansfield he regularly brought his Sunday guests to see our College Chapel. Last year he received the whole Mansfield Summer School of Theology one memorable July afternoon, and in his quiet, genial way told his guests something of the history of Balliol and its great men. Undoubtedly the most remarkable personality of these latter days in Oxford, his presence will be greatly missed. He has laid his hand upon the age with obvious effect, but in Oxford, and especially in Balliol, his memory can never be forgotten.

Oxford, England, October 7, 1893.

Lawlessness and the Reason of the Law

By Austin Abbott
Dean of the New York University Law School

The greatest present danger to our country is now seen in the spirit of lawlessness. All intelligent and fair-minded people seem to be agreed that Law is simply the necessary and wholesome condition of well-regulated life. Law in a free nation is what self-control is in the individual. But alongside of this essential condition of liberty is seen growing up in almost all parts of society open and habitual contempt for the laws, manifesting itself in social laxity, in commercial frauds, in official corruption systematized here and there, and in the infusion of a certain mercinariness into political functions. In another phase the same diminution of respect for law is shown in the general suspicion of legislatures and their legislation. Still more striking is the recent establishment of Anarchism as a scheme of policy, with its professed teachers, promulgating direct hostility to law as the right and duty of a large class of habitual criminals.

Without doubt these tendencies are partly due to a characteristic and exaggerated but not wholly immoral or irrational disrespect for the authority of mere tradition, or arbitrary command unsupported by reason.

It is time that the reason of the law, that is to say, more specifically, the reasons for the laws, should be raised into recognition and control. As the respect accorded by the masses of people to precedent and enactment declines, the reason of each rule of law should receive systematic examination and discussion, that the people may see that the principles of the law are not arbitrary, nor imposed on us unwillingly by tradition, but are the necessary conditions of a broad public welfare secured to all without distinction.

That this need may be more clear to those of your readers whose attention has not been specifically given to the subject, let me repeat some suggestions which I have recently found to awaken much interest when laid before professional friends.

Many of the legal profession—including perhaps now,

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as doubtless heretofore, a great majority of instructors in law and of writers on jurisprudence, and perhaps also of judges—are accustomed to regard law as a fixed system of unchangeable principles, together with the deductions which logic dictates in the effort to apply those principles to new cases or varying circumstances. This conception is evidently founded on the Common Law. Its adherents readily concede that the science of law includes such of the doctrines of equity as by long recognition have become hardened into rules and to some extent imitated and adopted by the courts exercising jurisdiction at law; but they seem to treat any movement of equity beyond those rules as an anomalous interference with law, a disturbing force from without, which must indeed be recognized and allowed for, but is nevertheless foreign to the fundamental conception of law as a harmonious system of predetermined, uniform rules.

We shall doubtless all agree on the soundness, and, indeed, the necessity, of this conception of law as a part of any just theory of modern jurisprudence; and a hundred years ago it was fairly adequate. But there is the necessity at the present day of recognizing and co-ordinating with it another and very different conception. Let us for a moment turn away from our law-books, which are all more or less modeled or at least influenced by the old conception of law, and watch the courts of this country to see what they are actually doing. What is the "law" which we are now administering? What the method of reasoning that even common-law courts are really pursuing? Is it simply a system of logic, having inflexible commands of a superior for its premises, and the inflexible lines of a syllogism as its deductions? An examination of the current reports of the decisions of the courts of last resort will show that, while many cases are decided in that method, a considerable proportion of even common-law cases are decided upon principles of utility. Our law courts not only use something of the same freedom in looking for premises in the doctrines of good faith which courts of equity have always used, but courts of law and courts of equity alike are now using something of the same freedom in looking for premises in the present interests of society. Cases are now frequent in which our courts of last resort are guided to their decision by considering which of several rules urged upon them will work best.

This is not the jurisprudence of a system of commands; it is the jurisprudence of common welfare wrought out by free reasoning upon the actual facts of life. American jurisprudence as actually administered to-day is the jurisprudence of the Commonwealth.

In some few matters the law still finds its premises in reverence for the divine, as did ecclesiastical and canon law.

In a large class of matters it finds its premises in the constitutions and statutes, which are in the nature of commands, and upon all things within their scope we reason as strictly from them as did the common law, which proceeded from premises furnished by monarchical legislation, and by the equally inflexible usages of the realm. But the great mass of the business of our courts to-day turns upon questions not wholly foreclosed by the history of the past. The question, What is the traditional law that has come down to us? is still asked; but another question is always open—viz., Does our situation to-day suggest the wisdom of a deviation from that traditional law?

The keynote of this good change was struck when our courts determined that, notwithstanding the unqualified adoption of the English common law by our Constitution, they would apply and enforce only so much as is suited to our condition.

From that time forth it has always been, for a court of last resort, a legitimate inquiry, what rule on the subject under consideration is suitable to the condition of our people; and a legitimate course to disregard common-law rules whenever unsuitable, and to consult the common welfare of the people, as sound premises for the decision of any question not foreclosed by statutory authority.

Those who have not examined the subject may be surprised to see how far this principle is now tacitly embodied in our law. I would characterize the existing American jurisprudence as Suitable Jurisprudence. Historical jurisprudence shows us how we reached our present level; analytic jurisprudence clears our conceptions of the various possible rules; comparative jurisprudence gives us breadth of views in comparing them. But existing American jurisprudence looks also at the actual situation of affairs. All the phases of jurisprudence treated in the books are tributary to the wisdom and caution necessary in working out the development now steadily going on, whether we recognize it or not: the construction of a jurisprudence of utility, a jurisprudence which, recognizing the unspeakable value of all the traditions of the past, and respecting the limits of statutory command, seeks also for the premises to be found in the welfare of the community, and reasons from them, too, in ascertaining what principles are suitable to be received as governing the administration of law among our people. It would be easy to show that this change in the conception of law is necessitated by our condition, and that its future advance is inevitable.

In view of these facts, I desire to see founded in the University of the City of New York, as a part of our Law Faculty, a professorship of the Ethics of Jurisprudence, or the Economics or Sociology of Jurisprudence, or both: the Jurisprudence of Utility in the broadest sense; Jurisprudence of Public Welfare. For this purpose from $50,000 to $100,000 is needed.

While it is familiar to all that the courts are professedly bound by traditional precedent, all the profession see that precedents are now so numerous and conflicting that the authority of precedents is breaking down by the weight of the mass. They have so multiplied that courts and lawyers find it impracticable to examine them exhaustively. The conflict which arises as new cases are decided without a complete survey of preceding cases on the same point adds to the difficulty. The traditions of the law are thus brought into dispute in the profession itself. The time is ripe for a systematic effort to bring disputed questions and conflicts of legal authorities directly to the test afforded by the bearing of the law on public welfare, and to do this as a part of legal education.

In suggesting the need of a Chair of the Economics and Ethics of Jurisprudence I do not mean political economy, professional ethics, nor theological ethics applied to law, nor abstract ethics in any sense. I mean a chair whose incumbent shall first dissect out and hold up to view the extent to which our highest courts to-day, in causes presenting novel questions and questions involving a conflict of authority, or even old questions under new circumstances, are deciding against authority, on reasons which are ethical or sociologic. He should then show to what extent the efforts of our ablest counsel are already characterized by appreciation and discussion of such considerations. He should then develop the principles which should form, guide, and limit such discussions. In other words, he should open the connection between the welfare of the community and the actual judicial usages of to-day which permit a reconsideration of traditional law in view of the needs of the present time. I do not propose departures from any settled doctrine or application of the law, nor an innovation of new doctrines. But, as I have elsewhere said, when a question has to be decided on which there is no adequate authority, or on which a conflict of authority requires the Court to decide which of two rules is to be followed, the bar are invited to a discussion of the question, in view of its public merits. Then is the opportunity for men capable of handling such open questions in the light of the relative fitness of each rule to the conditions, usages, and needs of our communities, and by putting the test of intrinsic justice.

We have left far behind us the common-law idea that for the courts of last resort non-statutory law is in the nature of a command. We have left far behind us the old conception of equity as merely the chancellor's idea of what is fair in the particular case. Our courts are steadily at work in a course which is developing the idea that if, among conflicting rules urged upon them with sanction from the past, they can ascertain which is the most useful

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to the people in the judicial sense of utility, that rule should be applied whether precedents exist or not, or even though some precedents forbid.

When this principle has been included within the outline or framework of American legal education, and we have added to the process of reasoning upon the technical premises furnished by the common law, broad views of the sociologic and ethical considerations which ought to control in a balanced conflict of authority, or an absolutely new question, the reasonableness of the law would be shown as it never has been before. Every department of human knowledge should be laid under contribution to furnish this new jurisprudence of the Commonwealth, a jurisprudence which respects the past, but moves forward according to the requirements of the welfare of the present and the immediate future.

Such a professorship, adequately endowed, and filled by some man of fit ability, whom I believe could be found, would be worthy of the University in which Morse and the Drapers, Elias Loomis, Tayler Lewis, and Howard Crosby rendered such public service while quietly engaged in the tasks of instruction.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.

(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A COUNTY MAGNATE

"And now," said Count van Rexelaer to himself, as he slowly drew his chair towards the writing-table and made himself comfortable, "pleasure"—he pulled a face—"being over, I may give my mind to business at last."

It was true that pleasure was, for the moment, a thing of the past. The house had grown quiet again. The calendar between the windows marked an early day in January. It was one of those calendars with a text for every day in the year, and his sister had given it him. Occasionally Count Hilarius's eyes would thoughtfully linger over the text.

The Freule van Rexelaer, the two brothers' only sister, was a timid maiden lady, living in a small provincial town on a small income, and doing a great deal of unnoted good with it. She had come to Deynum to see the old year out, having declined to share the Christmas gayeties, for the simple reason, which she wisely kept to herself, that to her mind the commemoration of the Nativity should be a religious festival. The great house and its splendors flurried her.

"Oh, how thankful I am," she said to Mevrouw Elizabeth, "that I have not these servants to look after!"

"Not *these* servants. No," replied Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck, with due emphasis. "But people with one servant are always afraid of them. I am not." She rested her crochet on one knee, looking over her nose at her thin little sister-in-law.

"Ah, but then you are such an excellent manager," said the old maid, timidly.

"I certainly see a few things which escape Margherita's attention. No fear of her being worried, poor thing! Thank Heaven, *I* have eyes." Mevrouw van Rexelaer-Borck was always thanking Heaven, not so much for blessings received by herself, as for blessings withheld from her friends.

"Yes, my dear," replied the Freule, quickly. "And I was telling you about the Coffee-stall Mission to Paris Cabmen;" and so she led the conversation on to safer ground. Mevrouw Elizabeth, who liked the philanthropy of circulars and Lady Patronesses and paragraphs in the press, was anxious to introduce the coffee-stalls into the Hague, the only difficulty being the absence of cab-stands. Perhaps these could be created.

Utterly dissimilar as the two ladies were, they had in common that sympathy of lifelong surroundings which no later intercourse can replace. They understood each other when they differed. Neither ever quite understood the foreign sister-in-law, even when they most appreciated her intentions. Fortunately, the Countess did not court their friendship; she lay in the old Baroness's simple boudoir, and Laïssa read her frequent bulletins from the Hague, sent by the maid who had charge of the pets. And sometimes they would consult the cards to find out when Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck was going away. That lady once surprised them at such a moment, and denounced the heathen superstition in no measured terms. "The wicked folly, Margherita!" she said. "Why, *I* could tell you as much about the future as these senseless bits of card." "I wish you would, then," replied the Countess, meaningly. Mevrouw van Rexelaer turned away in lofty scorn. "Does this creature understand English?" she asked. She especially disliked Laïssa, as being more "exotic" even than the parrot. The mulatto looked up from the floor, with her great white grin. "Laïssa no understand," she said.

Reinout introduced everybody to the Chapel, in which he already took an especial pride. "I hope you will alter this, Hilarius," said the Freule van Rexelaer, earnestly, after a silent survey of the chancel. And then she drew on her galoches again, because the floor felt damp.

Mevrouw Elizabeth had expressed herself with more commendable distinctness. "This popish mummery," she had said, bringing down a heavy hand on the altar, "of course must *go*. I wonder, girls, at your uncle having left it so long. And, good gracious, the flowers are—fresh!" Not even Mevrouw van Rexelaer's indignant stare could dim the pure sweetness of the chrysanthemums. Vrouw Poster had renewed them, according to custom. With an extra prayer for vanished Piet.

"Hilarius," said Mevrouw Elizabeth in the course of the evening, "our dear Margherita has surely abjured the errors of her youth."

Hilarius colored painfully. "What do you mean, Elizabeth?" he cried. "If your mother has been talking shameful slander—"

"I was alluding to the Scarlet Woman," interposed Mevrouw van Rexelaer, hastily. "To the Beast;" and then, in answer to his astonished stare: "Hilarius, how can you be so ignorant? I mean that your wife is no longer a Papist; but we must not underrate early influences, and there is positive danger in these popish surroundings. Unless you take care you will have her going back to her bead-telling and bone-kissing, or whatever the people do. I should not speak if it were not for the risk to René. You know very well that the Jesuits have an eye exclusively to rich men's sons. Already the old priest here has made friends with the boy. He took Topsy to see the man, but I forbade her going again. He gave them sweets, Hilarius. Mark my words. He gave them sweets." Deep down in her heart she had an honest, though not clearly explicable, fear that the sweets—for the new heir of Deynum—might be poisoned!

Count Hilarius had been startled by her evident good faith. He had lived too long in a clime where all men acknowledged the same form of religion without practicing any to take note of the flowers and frippery in a sacred edifice; he was too indifferent to understand much of the fierce yet tremulous distrust which still lingers, on the field of Alva's achievements, in the hearts of the degenerate children of a nation of martyrs. He had no large experience of pious women; and yet he felt that Mevrouw van Rexelaer was not like his sister the Freule. But it does not require any very active piety to dread the idea of being burned alive.

As he now sat in the Baron's room, his eyes vaguely fixed on that old gentleman's guns, Hilarius reverted to Mevrouw Elizabeth's words. He wanted no complications, religious or otherwise. What he dreaded above all things was unpleasantness. It hampers one so.

His steward appeared before him, smooth and serene.

"I have been looking at the list of the tenants," said the Count, taking up a paper from the table before him. "Most of them I remember seeing at the New Year's Congratulation. A pleasing custom. Is it general in these parts?"

"At your service, Mynheer the Count," replied the

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steward. "It was always so in the old—time of your ancestors."

"But there are some names I cannot recall. Here, for instance, is a man called Hummel. Who is he?"

"He is old and bedridden," replied the steward. The man was a neighbor of his own, who often did him good service.

"Well. But here is a large farm, the Chalkhouse. I do not remember the people at all. 'Driest' the name is. What of them?"

The steward, who had long been expecting this question, coughed gently. "As Mynheer the Count pleases," he said.

"What do you mean? Why don't they come to pay their respects?"

"Because they are—Ah, I wish Mynheer would ask them himself—they have not the proper feeling of the other tenantry."

"You mean that they are dissatified with the new order of things?"

"If Mynheer the Count pleases to put it so."

"I understand. They pose as champions of the old régime. And the opposition—about our reception—ah, you see I know—had they a hand in that?"

"Mynheer the Count knows so much, it is improbable that he should not know all."

The Count made a mark on his register. "Why were not the church-bells rung?" he asked, suddenly.

The steward smiled a peculiar smile. "I am a good Catholic, Mynheer," he said. "The affairs of the church are not mine to control."

And then they discussed various matters pertaining to the estate. On these occasions Dievert found sufficient reason to regret the past, for the new master went into every item, and never paid a penny without knowing what for. He even had no ready perception of the steward's all-conclusive argument that "it had always been so in the old Baron's time." Dievert understood that Count Hilarius was no gentleman.

They were still busy when Strum was announced. And the one man of business bowed himself out as the other bowed himself in.

The Count liked the bowing. This was pleasanter than dancing attendance on his Majesty's representative at the Court of the Sultan of Tierra del Fuego. Even pleasanter than living, as an officer of the Royal Household, in a dull house on the Orange Canal, with a dark-visaged wife. There is no real greatness without the territorial element, the rent-roll, its votes and all its complicated influence. "In the same family, you know, for nearly a thousand years. Quite unique." Count Rexelaer felt kindly concerning his spouse.

"Sit down, Strum," he said, with comfortable graciousness. The Notary considered that his new patron had dropped the "Mynheer" unconscionably soon. He recalled the time when the Baron was wont to say "Sit down, Strum," and when he had waited thus, on the edge of his chair, and cracking his fingers. He would still flush up to the roots of his red hair, by day or night, the great clumsy booby, when his thoughts reverted to the last visit here, and the insult he had received. He hated the Baron with relentless hate.

"I have been looking through the deed of purchase," said the Count, rousing himself, as Strum gave an awkward little cough. "It is plain enough. In his dying hours the thoughts of the Countess's venerable uncle were evidently all of her and her child. He was deeply attached to my little boy. That prohibitory clause—how he must have chuckled over it!—well, it was a legitimate stratagem, the only means he had of eluding the Baron's vindictive opposition to myself."

Strum acquiesced, thinking to himself what bores these rich people were.

"The contract says the Chapel must remain as it is. Now what do you take that to mean, my good Notary?"

"A Catholic place of worship, Mynheer the Count."

"Ah, it strikes you in that light because you are a Romanist yourself."—"A Romanist, if you will, but no bigot," began Strum—the Count waved his hand benignantly; he did not approve of being interrupted by his Notary—"to me it means 'a burying-place of the Rexelaers,'" he said.

Strum gave one of his sudden sprawling kicks, causing the Count to start aside. The Notary understood perfectly what the other was driving at. "My father used to say," he answered, slowly, "that in law every interpretation, however absurd, must be considered as if it might be correct."

"I do not consider this interpretation absurd," interrupted the Count. *He* might interrupt. "On the contrary, it is the only rational one."

"That is what I mean," answered Strum. He took off his spectacles and wiped them. And he blinked his eyes before the rising sun. Never mind, he might be as insolent as he chose to the Baron, in the shade.

"I sent for you," continued the Count, "to speak chiefly about another matter. Where is my cousin at present? Do you happen to know?"

"I believe the Baron is at Cleves," said Strum.

"I have an inventory here of the things he has taken with him. It is a great pity. They should have gone with the house. He must want money. You could not sound him on the subject?"

"I could write to him directly in your name, Mynheer the Count." A great leap of gratification crossed the Notary's face.

"I did not mean that. All these things are at present, I am told, at the parish priest's?"

"Yes, Mynheer the Count." Strum hated the Baron too much to willingly concede him so advantageous a market. The Baron's views on the matter he could not bring himself to understand.

"That is all," said Count Rexelaer. "Good-day." And to himself he added: "A very useless Notary."

Strum went home in a bad temper. But, then, interviews with the great always put him out of sorts. He was the worst kind of person for a Notary; other people's business bored him. "I am as good," he thought ceaselessly, "as any of these." At his core, therefore, he was dumbly overbearing, as many shy people are.

"Your father used to tell me everything," said his mother, a little complainingly (a fond illusion on her part), "and he would bring me such sweet messages from the Baroness, and pots of her own orange-preserve."

"It must taste very bitter in her mouth, if she's got any left," said Strum.

"She was an Angel," protested his mother, warmly. "I wonder if this new lady is also good."

"Good? Of course she is good. All great ladies are good, mother, without pros or cons. It's only the honest, hard-working ones that have to prove their goodness."

"Nicholas, Nicholas," said Mrs. Strum, gently shaking her old head, "you are very different from your father."

Now, these words from a mother—even from Mrs. Strum—bear a tacit reproach in them. Nicholas was not accustomed to reproach from his mother. But the "White Baroness" was that lady's patron saint.

"We can't all be like each other," he grumbled, roughly. "I'm as good a man of business as father was."

"Oh, yes, Nicholas. I know you are much cleverer," said Mrs. Strum, as she took up her stocking again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TWO REINOUTS MEET

Count Hilarius found Reinout enjoying a series of lonely tumbles on the ice. The boy had reached that stage of skating when the tumbles are a dozen yards apart. His father called him to the side of the pond.

"René, I don't want you to go and see this priest any more."

"Father Bulbius? Oh, papa, he is a dear old man. He has given me a live salamander. And he knows all about the Castle, and the people that used to live here. And he tells such beautiful stories. There was a little girl here once. Have you heard about Lady Bertha's oak?"

"No. But I don't want you to go and see him again.

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By the by, did he ever speak to you about the Chapel in the grounds?"

"Yes, papa, the day after Christmas. He told me it was the first time in five-and-twenty years that he hadn't said mass there on Christmas Day. He looked very sorry; I thought he was going to cry."

"Just so. Now, Reinout, you will promise me never to go and talk to this man again. And there is another thing. I don't like your skating about in this manner all alone. You must always have one of the men with you. Now promise about the priest."

Such a sullen look spread over the boy's dark face that his father noticed it. "My dearest child," said Count Hilarius, drawing his son towards him, "cannot you believe that I am acting for your best? You are the sole hope and pride of my life, René, the one thing I love with all my heart. If anything happened to you"—his voice shook—"there would be nothing left worth living for."

Reinout stood silently looking down at his skates. Presently something drew up his eyes—rather against his will—to his father's bended face. And he said, illogically, but with great earnestness: "I will, papa." Nevertheless, he was angry. Only the rare display of the Count's affection always melted his heart as sunshine tinges the snow. He loved his father, perhaps not quite as energetically as he loved Prince, because Prince and he understood each other so much better. But, then, Prince was a dog; the comparison was absurd. Reinout did not make it.

He called after Count Hilarius's retreating figure. "I must go and say good-by, papa," he said, "and explain."

The Count had a habit of considering his son's entire existence, in its pleasure and profit, from the parental point of view. "No," he called back, "it would be better not. Explanations, Reinout, are usually a mistake!"

"Oh, but I shall," said Reinout to himself. Obedience has its limits, and the child's education, if it had taught him anything, had taught him that courtesy transcends it. He ran off in the direction of the village.

Already he had many friends in the village, where he had fraternized with the lame child first, and then, through him, with the other boys. These country lads had a delightful acquaintance with the wondrous world around them, on whose threshold he stood entranced. And, although his intercourse with them might seem somewhat awkward, yet he was always splendid in his own queer way, and certainly far preferred his new companions to the genteel children at the Hague who mocked "his gracious Majesty." The transfer to Deynum had given him a glimpse of reality: the Life of Nature, the Life Unmasked. He liked the face.

He threw a smile to Tony, behind the narrow cottage-panes, as he ran on towards the Parsonage. He had promised the boy an old box of soldiers of his own; he must bring it to-morrow. It was a beautiful thing to be rich and great and patronize. The threatening beggar had been quite wrong. The great lord shone at the Castle, and the world beneath his feet lay flourishing in his smile. Monsieur de Souza had explained it all.

He ran through the Parsonage garden, round by the stables to the good priest's study. He knew the way well by this time. But in the door he suddenly checked himself. An old gentleman was sitting thoughtfully by the fire. The old gentleman looked up at the intruder, frowned, hesitated, and recovered himself.

"Father Bulbius is out," remarked the old gentleman, shortly.

Reinout bowed and apologized, with that ready courtesy which young people found so exasperating, but which old ones were unable to resist in this our latter day of ill-breeding.

As he was going, said the old gentleman with an effort: "I suppose they call you Reinout van Rexelaer?"

"Yes, Mynheer," replied Reinout.

"Father Bulbius has told me a great deal about you," said the Baron. And then he added, as if talking to himself, "But I pity the child!" and Reinout crept away bewildered.

[To be continued]

The Spectator

Recurring to the Spectator's casual observation of day-laborers, recently recorded here, there was one thing he could but note in his study of these ditch-diggers: the majority of them looked like old men; few of them were physically sound. Many of them were lame—rheumatic, evidently. All in all, they were a lot of physical degenerates. "This sort of men," said one of the contractors, "made poor soldiers in the time of the war. They cannot endure anything. They are not old men, many of those you take to be such. The majority have barely reached middle life. The first severe illness carries them off." The clothing of these men, the worthless garments they buy because they are thought to be cheap, their inability to substitute dry clothing for wet, the recklessness with which they expose their health by wearing wet clothing—all this was a study by itself, showing how ignorant the average laborer is of the laws of health; and, if he knows them, how powerless he is to keep them. Young men, naturally, do not become ditch-diggers if they can find anything else to do. A few months at it and they have that in their face and mien which promises nothing better in their future. Civilization must have sewers, and sewers must have men to dig them. What does civilization owe to these men? Anything more than a dollar and a half a day or thereabouts?

❀

"Now, surely, you do not expect us to ask those workmen to spend their noon upon our verandas—to make use of our hammocks and easy chairs?" This came from a sensible matron to whom the Spectator had been talking of the discomforts of the curbstone luncheon—the digging of the sewer having reached an avenue of fine residences, and that morning there having been a drizzling rain, followed by a fierce noonday sun. The men were seeking the shade of the high hedge shutting in her grounds—rolling up their coats to sit upon, the ground was so damp. There was no leaning against the hedge for its thorns. "Somebody has said," she went on, when the Spectator made no reply, "that we make an absurd mistake in trying to do for such people just as we would if they were just like us, or could become revised editions of ourselves. Now, my dear Spectator, I do not see you among those ditch-diggers. If I did, I would ask you up on the veranda, perhaps into the library to lunch with me, in spite of your muddy overalls. . . . Now, when we go picnicking on the rocks, where the ants crawl over our sandwiches, how would we like it if the Irish came out from their shanties and insisted on our eating what they thought good for us on their kitchen tables? Believe me, all this is a sort of picnic to these men—it is in the 'divine harmony' of their homely existence. What would you put in its place? A barracks-like dining-hall, perhaps, the men marching in like convicts, and all fed upon the same fare? Another chance to *institutionize* the poor man, to rob him of his individuality?" But she was still watching the men as they emerged from the sewer. "Really, it does seem a pity that they should sit there on the muddy sidewalk. Only that the lawn was wet they might go under the trees; but the carriage-house—that is the place for them, if they cared to go there. Would the Spectator invite them in?"

❀

The next day they were to be seen eating their dinners on the soft grass under the great beech-trees of her lawn. They smoked their pipes, slept, and chatted, and for a woman who stands in wholesome dread of doing anything that can be called "pure sentimentality," she did a strange thing: she not only sent out a pail of hot coffee, but she sat down to her piano and played simple airs and sang familiar songs; she did not lay it up against her audience either that they did not stop talking to listen, nor send one of their number to thank her for the concert. She saw them look shyly at her window as they passed out, and two or three lifted their hats. She told the Spectator it was the most satisfactory *fête champêtre* she ever gave, even if her grumpy old English gardener did threaten to quit her service.

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The Home

Other People's Children

The baby changed in its cradle so that another baby might receive the benefit of its rank and fortune has been the corner-stone of more than one novel. But the real baby of to-day, who suffers the misfortune of growing up in the home in which it was born, under the discipline of its own father and mother, is much more truly an object to arouse the pity and commiseration of the public. Who is there among us who could not bring up the children of relatives, friends, or neighbors much better than their natural trainers! There is something peculiar about the clearness of vision one has when other people's children are the objects of observation. To the disinterested outsider the question arises why this wisdom is not used for the benefit of the home children; but perhaps this question is due to ignorance of the whole subject of the training of children. Certain it is that on no subject does universal wisdom find expression with such perfect freedom, such undoubted faith in the speaker's own ability to give final judgments, as when the children of the other family are under consideration. There may be doubts of the home theology, economics, social status, individual abilities, but never is there a quiver, a throb, of doubt when the question is about the kind of education or management or training that would improve the children of the other family. That the authority or authorities who decide the régime of the other family is or are making a tremendous if not fatal error is a foregone conclusion.

Doubtless the solution of the problem would be the exchanging of families for so many months of the year. The advantage would be double. One's own children would be seen in perspective, and one's relative's, friend's, or neighbor's children would get the benefit of this clarified wisdom that is now lost in words written or spoken.

Every adviser knows that his words of wisdom to his neighbor on the best way to bring up his family are seed sown on stony ground. This exchange of families, for certain periods of each year, would reduce friction, and certainly ought to increase fellowship, and reap untold good for the rising generation. Rising they would then in truth be, not merely physical elongations of humanity. Of course the children would have to go untrammeled by clothes, books, or toys on this migratory pilgrimage, that the benefactor of the Nation might be free to put in force his system that is to change the future of the unfortunate children given into the other family. It may be that his wisdom will be reflected after a time into his own home, so that in the course of a few generations each father and mother shall meet the standard of the other children's parents, and it will be safe to train the children in their own homes; but for the present, salvation for the children is to have them trained by the other parents!

A Short Talk About Talking

By a Talker

Freddie skips into the kindergarten one morning, his face, voice, and manner indicating unusual enthusiasm. Off come overcoat and mittens, that he may reach his pocket.

"I've brought something for us to talk about!" he announces triumphantly, and brings forth a tin whistle. The kindergartner smiles in sympathy, and the whistle is the starting-point for an animated, instructive conversation. Now, why should not Freddie go on all his life accumulating interesting things in his mental pockets and producing them, on proper occasions, to talk about? And Freddie's sister, too?

To an observer of children, there seems no good reason why the power of easy, genuine conversation should cease at any time of life. Yet many fail to expect and encourage it in young people. A thoughtful lad, who had peculiar opportunities for meeting many people, if asked about any individual, would reply, "I don't know him; he never talks with me;" or, "Yes, he is a fine man; he is a friend of mine; he always talks with me when he meets me." For him, all mankind was divided into those two classes. A modest girl of thirteen expressed to her brother great admiration of one of his student companions, and added, "He is the only one of your friends who thinks I am worth talking with."

I know a village the social character of which has been greatly raised because a pastor recognizes this duty of elder to younger people, and arranges to bring them together frequently in informal, joyous ways. The gain is mutual. The elders are less reticent and careworn; the younger ones show finer manners, and true manly and womanly qualities. These young people are passing successfully, because naturally and unconsciously, through the "awkward age," and will find out for themselves the principles which govern the best social intercourse.

What are some of these principles? As all the senses can be finally resolved into one, the sense of touch, so these all group themselves under one head—Love. This, however, has various manifestations.

Freddie showed one form: sharing; willingness to bring forth for the common enjoyment one's own stores of thought, information, experience, and anecdote, or to be in the leisurely, receptive attitude of mind which makes the most of that which is offered by others.

Another is illustrated by a remark of Mrs. H——, when characterizing a dear deacon who had just passed away: "He was always interested in us, and he always found some way to let us know it." Absence of self-absorption, sincere sympathy with others, are happy secrets of the best conversation.

So, also, is that tact which soon finds the beloved subject on which some otherwise silent person is able to become eloquent. An honest belief in human nature, the faith that each man has some inborn grace all his own, some experience of life which only he can interpret, serves the same end.

Call upon your invalid neighbor, a man of few words. You really wish to cheer him, therefore it is not well to dwell upon his ailments and the deprivations incident to illness. You use up the weather, the new church, the latest newspaper sensation—if it chanced to be a decent one—in about two minutes. "What next?" you mentally ask yourself.

Now skillfully manage to mention Washington or the year 1864. See his eye glisten, his form straighten! You have touched the chord which is always ready to vibrate. How you are repaid by the flow of reminiscence, the little revelations of character, the poetic atmosphere which gently enfolds all these memories! For, mark you, the old soldier seldom seems to recall his hardships in detail, nor the ghastly sights of the battle-field. He sets before you the aspect of the country, the wit and courage of comrades, the sound sleep after some long march, the kindness shown in the hospital, the noble traits of the commander. He is always interesting, because he himself was part of it all, and you are ready to be so too, in imagination.

This diligent search for a key to the individual life is the duty of a teacher as character-builder; why is not the same loving effort to be made for the sake of brightening and uplifting social life?

It is one proper incentive to mental activity, careful reading, and thorough assimilation, that one may be well furnished for useful intercourse with one's fellows. Yet this is but a part of a more inclusive principle: that the

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best influence, after all, is that of a noble personality enriched with the highest gifts, which does not exert itself, but exhales blessing as naturally and unconsciously as perfume proceeds from a rose.

A lady returned somewhat dissatisfied from a round of calls in her village home. She was one from whom all mean gossip slipped off unnoticed, so she had not that to trouble her. She did not set herself a task, but, rather, responded to an intuition, when she said: "I cannot afford to waste my time in pettiness, nor to be too much cast down by the discontent and sorrow which are poured into my ears. Still less can I afford to cut myself off from my neighbors. I must just feed more upon the New Testament and Emerson. I shall be all right if I can only carry about, as part of myself, the love of Jesus Christ and the cheerful philosophy of Emerson."

A Solution Offered

A reference in these columns to the Columbian Housekeepers' Association has brought so many inquiries that we insert extracts from the constitution of that Association. The Columbian Housekeepers' Association was incorporated March 15, 1893, as the National Columbian Household Economic Association, which new name will go into effect at the October meeting of the Association. All the officers, at this writing, are residents of Chicago. The Secretary is Mrs. H. S. Taylor, 469 La Salle Avenue; the Treasurer is Mrs. Frances E. Owens, 6241 Sheridan Avenue. The management of the Association for the first year is vested in a Board of Directors numbering sixteen, all women who have been chosen for their executive ability.

The objects of the Association are:

1. To awaken the public mind to the importance of establishing Bureaus of Information where there can be an exchange of wants and needs between employer and employed, in every department of home and social life.

2. To promote among members of the Association a more scientific knowledge of the economic value of various foods and fuels; a more intelligent understanding of correct plumbing and drainage in our homes, as well as need for pure water and good light in a sanitarily built house.

3. To secure skilled labor in every department of our homes, and to organize Schools of Household Science and Service.

These are objects which appeal with force to intelligent American housekeepers.

In addition to the immediate officers of the Association there will be chosen a Vice-President for each State and a Chairman for each county of each State. These latter officers are supposed to build up the work in their own sections and report on the work under their immediate charge to the Vice-President of the State. The standing committees' duties, as specified in the by-laws, show the purpose of the Association, the aim of its projectors. The whole science of home-making is covered in the duties assigned to these committees. The establishment of Home Science clubs, intelligence offices, cooking-schools, co-operative laundries and bakeries, training-schools for servants, diet kitchens, and similar philanthropic enterprises, are to be investigated, developed, and fostered by the Association. The work assigned to two of the committees ought to make every housekeeper of intelligence a member of the Association:

4. Committee on Food Supply. The duties of this Committee shall be to prepare a descriptive list of wholesale and retail foods, such as meat, vegetables, butter, eggs, etc.; to compare New York and Chicago with other markets, and furnish statements of what articles of food are most desirable to buy, either in large or small quantities, with household recipes for cooking, and all other matters relating to household economics.

5. Committee on Household Economics in Village Communities. The duties of this Committee shall be to formulate plans to simplify housework in village communities; to suggest plans for co-operation in laundries, bakeries, and kitchens; to discuss plans for profitable market gardening, poultry and egg raising on a small scale; to furnish information on all topics connected with housework.

The possibility of increasing in small villages the earning capacity of people who must be self-supporting ought to appeal to every intelligent person. The possibility of bringing two needs into profitable exchange is well known, and there should be organizations to accomplish this. The woman who wants money and the woman who wants chickens ought to meet when, as frequently happens, they live in the same borough.

The women's clubs in all sections of the country ought to be able to appoint committees who would form county and sub-branches of the National Columbian Household Economic Association. The feasibility of dealing with the servant question by co-operation through this Association is most evident. There will never be freedom for the housekeepers until the whole problem of domestic service is dealt with on scientific and business principles. The problem is for the mistress to solve, not the servant. And the co-operation of the mistresses to raise the grade of servants, to establish more uniform standards of duties and privileges as well as wages, will, in time, for the intelligent housekeepers and servants, be the solution. Intelligent housekeepers have long recognized that character counts for as much in the kitchen as in the parlor; that skill unsupported by character does not insure the peace and health of the household as much as character that values skill and has the intelligence to desire it. When a group of housekeepers agree on the same general line of requirements, privileges, and duties for the servants they employ, they will find that they will be able to establish standards which will decide the kind of labor that will be offered for sale, and they will become in fact, as they are in theory, employers, not mere payers of wages, cringing before those whom they pay.

There is no doubt that an employment office or bureau carried on solely for the benefit of its co-operative stockholders is within the range of business possibilities. Women have shown business abilities in the management of philanthropic and charitable enterprises that require as much knowledge as such a business would demand. It would cost in a city at least $1,000 a year to manage such an office. Two hundred housekeepers willing to pay $5 per year in order to make such an experiment would insure its support. Probably each and all of the two hundred members would have a capable woman, anxious to get work, who could manage the office. The head of the enterprise would have to be a woman so well known as to at least partially insure the good faith of the experiment. The members would have the right to enter the names of servants whom they had employed, with information as to their excellencies and limitations, as a guide to would-be employers; they should also, for the first year, be able to enter the names of servants who are recommended by housekeepers whose standards meet the requirement of the bureau. No charge should be made to servants whose names are entered; it must be the equivalent of being on a roll of honor for a name to appear on the employment books of the bureau. No name should be entered except on the recommendation of an employer, and always by the request of a member of the bureau or association.

The advantage of running such an office or bureau in connection with a National organization can easily be seen. It would enable a servant, when, for family or other reason, she removed to another city, to secure employment in reliable families, and give one more reliable servant to the place of removal. Prizes could be offered in the local bureau for long service, particular skill in culinary or other domestic branches, as an incentive to improvement. The whole plane of domestic service could be raised where it would appeal to girls of higher intelligence.

For the emergencies in the household, such a bureau could prove a blessing to all who used it. Extra service to meet any condition ought to be supplied through such a channel.

When the housekeepers in America combine to secure skilled labor for domestic service, their housekeeping will be brought to the level of their intelligence.

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Some Fine Arts of Dressmaking

By Martha McCulloch Williams

"Style, not stitches," is the perfect dressmaker's watch-word. All the same, she has a fine feeling for the neatest possible sewing. Yet she knows it avails little if the garment it is put on be ill cut. She knows, too, that good cutting is a matter of more than shape. The most perfectly proportioned pattern, carefully fitted, will not sit with true elegance unless regard is had in cutting to the run of warp and woof.

Especially is this true of bodices. They need always to have the pattern so laid upon the stuff that the woof threads in each separate piece run exactly the same way—and that way, straight around the waist. This throws the warp threads perpendicular, and insures that the troublesome back-form seam shall be nearly a perfect bias. Herein, indeed, lies the touchstone for determining many fine points. Everybody—every amateur especially—has been puzzled no end to determine how much, or how little, the back-forms should be sloped from neck to waist-line. It depends wholly upon the plumpness or the leanness of the person fitted. To find out accurately, pin two edges of lining together, taking up a moderate seam; fasten the join at the neck, letting each side fall down below the waist. Arrange the stuff then so that the threads in each piece go straight as a belt might do, then pin them together at that point, and crease back to the first joining.

This, of course, for straight and supple figures. Very fleshy ones, or those with round shoulders, need to have the first joining over the place of greatest prominence—usually the shoulder-blades—the stuff to be drawn in at both neck and waist.

Cut all the other pieces to run both ways true with the backs. This brings the warp almost straight in under-arm seams. In all fitting have a care not to disturb the run of the threads. Then, in shaping the outside, be more than careful that there is exact accord between the weave of the two stuffs, else all your pains will go for very nearly naught, as straight edges over bias ones, or *vice versa*, will drag and wrinkle in spite of all you can do.

The shaping of a bodice is not the arbitrary matter it appears to those dear women still in the bondage of patterns—patterns which are very well in their way, but which it is safe to say must answer yearly for the worse than waste of heaps of good stuff. To a first-class cutter each individual figure is a sum in proportion. Given such a waist and bust measure, the back-forms must be so wide at bottom and top, the fronts of such definite size, and all the space between divided into so many side-forms as shall accord gracefully with the other breadths. There is no cutting a back-form of one size for the lean, the fat, the short, the tall, then adapting the garment to its wearer's idiosyncrasy by "allowing" or "taking in" under-arm seams. Instead, the measurements of arm, waist, shoulders, and bust are so divided as to keep each line of the garment in true and elegant proportion. A ladies' tailor of reputation, if he has but to add or take away the half of an inch, never does it all at one place, but along all the seams—altering each so slightly, it may be, as to be nearly imperceptible.

For no side-form must be wider or narrower than its fellows—this is the first commandment of tailor-made elegance. The second is like unto it—it is that the side-form must be the same width from waist to armhole. That is to say, the spring of the figure must be accommodated by the backs and fronts.

Cut the shoulder of the backs quite three-quarters of an inch longer than that of the fronts. Then, in basting, stretch the fronts hard from the neck half-way to the shoulder-tip, and hold in the extra length, not in pleats, but in loose puckers. Pressing after sewing smooths them all away, and you get thus a very desirable snugness over the collar-bone not otherwise attainable. Linings and outsides must be accurately laid together and basted, first with a row of stitches along the waist-line; then push up the lining each side of the stitches till it stands in a tiny puff, and baste other rows across below each of them. It is the merest suspicion of fullness you want, yet not to be done without, on pain of wrinkles in the finished garment. By and by, when the seams are sewed, trimmed, pressed, and neatly overhanded, put on your stay-cases, using loosely woven elastic single silk stay-tape—not the stiff double stuff—sewing it with your fingers and holding it pretty full. Get real whalebones—as you love an easy garment. All the steels and substitutes in the world are delusions and snares. To bone a bodice properly requires three two-yard lengths. Put them in water over night and they will be soft enough to sew through and through. Leave a loose end of stay-tape top and bottom of each case, unless the bodice is a round one; for that, fasten the bottom, turning the tape under at least an inch, so as to have it double over the end of the whalebone. There must be quite a finger-length of loose tape at top. The sewing on ought to end about three inches above where the belt-tape comes. Cut a length of bone, round each end neatly, slip it into a casing, and sew through and through it at the bottom with a strong needle and double silk. Now push it so hard into the case that it stands in a curve. Sew it again through and through some three inches higher than before. Do this all the way to the place where the case ends, fasten it firmly there, and fold the loose tape double over the free end of the whalebone, which ought to be about two inches long. Sew the tape together at each side, fastening your thread neatly before you cut it off. Now you begin to see the use of the puffy casing—the wrinkles of the lining. A bodice thus boned stands almost in the curves of the waist before it is put on. The bones stretching up and down keep it beautifully smooth, even upon those annoying figures that have usually a crease where the belt should be.

Cross-cut bodices should have the bias kept as true to the waist-line as has been directed for the woof in straight ones. In both, very much of the fit depends upon the fastening; hooks and eyes are unquestionably something of which much may be said on both sides. Put them on always before the last fitting. To insure accuracy, lay fronts or backs together, and mark the edges with chalk an inch apart. Then with a long-threaded needle go loosely back and forth through both, pull them a little way apart, and clip the thread between. Each clipped end will then mark the seat of hook or eye. Sew them lightly but firmly in place; then overcast the eyes with silk matching the gown color. For the invisible under-arm fastening put hooks in the usual way upon the lining, fasten and lap the outside well in place, marking where the edge comes with chalk. When it is off, lay the lapping part again to the chalk-mark, pin it firm, then stick through and through with the long-threaded needle, and clip as before. Put a loop of silk where each thread comes on the bodice, and a very small hook at the corresponding thread in the lap. So shall the wearer of it rise up and call you blessed, and your soul virtuously rejoice in the consciousness of a nice job well done.

There is said to be in the market a new pie-plate with holes in the bottom to ventilate the under crust; it is certainly needed, especially for fruit pies. A crumpled rim of tin to place over the edges of the pie-crust to keep them together, preventing the escape of the juice, has also been invented.

Early in the current month women voted on school questions in Connecticut. In Hartford eight hundred women registered, and about seven hundred voted. In small towns more women voted, in proportion to the number of residents, than in large towns. In one town the election became a strife between Catholics and Protestants; both sects had representative candidates in the field. In Waterbury 950 women registered and 832 voted. In most cases the women went to the polls in groups of three and four, but often they went alone. The mysteries of voting were soon understood, and little or no confusion attended the introduction of the new element to the polls. The result was the election of several women as school officers.

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Oussiat and the Wampum Belts

By Francis S. Palmer

In Two Parts—I.

One afternoon in August, 1645, the town of the Huron Indians where the Jesuit fathers had established the mission of Sainte Marie was filled with rejoicing. A war-party that had gone south and east to the country of the Senecas, the most western of the banded nations of the Iroquois, had returned in triumph. In the course of their march the warriors had come upon a hunting-camp of the Senecas, had attacked it, and won the victory.

There was one savage regret mixed with the savage joy at the village. The Senecas had fought with such true Iroquois bravery that no man was taken prisoner, and now, when the war-party, journeying in their canoes by lake and river, had returned to their country east of the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, they brought with them only one captive, a boy who looked barely fifteen. It was a disappointment to have no man to torture; yet their young prisoner seemed so plucky a fellow that they decided to try his courage with the ordeals usually reserved for full-grown warriors.

The boy was tied to a stake and some brush collected. He forced himself to see these preparations with apparent indifference, remembering that an Iroquois must be brave.

When the war-party made their entry into the village, Father Ragueneau, Superior of the Huron Missions, was at vespers in the log chapel. With him were Fathers Garnier and Chabanel, and also Cyrille Valence, a French lad of sixteen, who, the year before, had been sent to the mission from Quebec to assist the priests in the good work of converting the savage heathen.

Now, Cyrille heard the turmoil, and guessed it to be caused by the return of the warriors. When the service was over, he hurried to where a crowd had collected around the Iroquois boy.

Already the flames were creeping near, but the young prisoner, who was keeping up courage by chanting a war-song of his tribe, did not tremble. Cyrille pushed his way through the throng, and knocked aside the blazing fagots. The Indian boy had heard of these Frenchmen that lived among the Hurons and helped them against the Iroquois, and at first he looked at Cyrille with defiance and hate; for he thought the French boy had come to show the Hurons new ways of torture. But when he saw what the newcomer was doing, defiance changed to surprise.

One of the sub-chiefs, an old man and a convert, laid his hand on Cyrille's shoulder.

"Be careful," he said, in a low voice. "Do not interfere with the right of torturing an Iroquois prisoner, or the whole village will rise against the French. If you wish, bring the Fathers to baptize him; but do not try to stop the torture."

Those in the crowd were looking angry, and Cyrille saw that he must seem to give way. He turned and walked off as if persuaded by the old sub-chief. Once outside the throng, he started on a run towards the chapel.

"Father!" he cried to Ragueneau as he burst into the little robing-room, "the warriors have got back and have brought a prisoner—a boy younger than I. They are going to torture him! Come and stop them!"

"It's no use," said Ragueneau, sadly; "we will only be driven from the village if we interfere. But go and baptize him, Brother Garnier; we can save the soul, if not the body. After all, what does the body matter, and a few hours more or less of pain!"

Cyrille and Garnier hurried into the crowd that surrounded the prisoner. "I wish we could do something more," the priest whispered to Cyrille, after he had administered baptism. "He's a fine-looking boy."

"I am going to try," returned Cyrille. Then he asked silence that he might speak of something concerning the welfare of the Hurons. The Indians prepared to listen, for they enjoyed a speech, and there was no need of hurrying the torture of their captive.

"The Hurons are becoming few," began Cyrille. "They are disappearing like dead leaves that fly before the wind; and the blast that drives the Huron is the Iroquois. But the villages of the Iroquois are full of people; they never lack braves for their war-parties, though they fight often and many are killed. Why is this? Because the wise Iroquois spare their prisoners if they are young, and adopt them, making warriors of them. It is said an Iroquois by adoption is twice an Iroquois in his heart. Is this not all true?"

The men bowed their heads in grave assent, and Cyrille went on:

"Learn wisdom from your enemies. Adopt your prisoners. Here is a boy who will make a good warrior. See how well formed he is, and how brave, too. Make a Huron of him, and when he grows up he will be twice a Huron!"

Old Allewaya, head chief of the village, had come up while Cyrille was talking. Now he spoke, slowly and with authority.

"The Frenchman speaks wisely, though he is only a boy. Let the Iroquois live; perhaps he will teach our young men how to fight: yet watch him."

More than two years had passed since the Iroquois boy's capture, and he seemed to have become a real Huron. He and Cyrille were often companions in hunting and trapping expeditions. Already the young Iroquois had learned to talk in broken French.

Although Cyrille was in the service of the priests, that did not cause him to neglect his rifle and traps; and so, in this autumn of the year 1647, he had traps in the woods and along the streams, catching beaver and otter and sable and mink. One October morning he and Oussiat, the Iroquois boy, went to look at some otter-traps set on a stream to the southeast of the village. Several were broken and sprung, but all were empty.

"I think a wolf is robbing the traps," said Cyrille. "He breaks them down, takes the bait, and gets off free. See, there's his track in the mud. But I'll catch him. In the village I have a bear-trap that I brought from Quebec; it will hold a wolf easily."

Later in the day he and Oussiat brought the bear-trap and set it near one of the otter-traps that had been disturbed. They carefully covered the great iron jaws with moss.

Two Homes

II.—Myrtle's Home

By Rachel Dunkirk

Myrtle's home, like Johnny's, was an unexpected discovery. We did not start out to find it, because we had never heard of it, and did not know it when we first saw it. To get to Myrtle's home you crossed a beautiful trout-brook on a plank bridge that had no railing. If you were on the bridge when a wagon went over it, which was rarely, you would find yourself thoroughly shaken, for the bridge floor was not nailed, and its supports were the trunks of two large trees thrown across the brook. As soon as you crossed the brook you were in a beautiful wood. Bewitching wood-roads led off on both sides of the road; some down to the brook, leading through almost twilight darkness because of the thick foliage of the trees overhead, then into wild flower-gardens more beautiful than any cultivated flower-garden you ever saw: goldenrod, asters, daisies, everlastings, sumac, yellow grasses, like finest flowers, waving and nodding as though giving you welcome. Springs crossed the road, making beautiful tiny waterfalls on either side, or, dripping into natural basins surrounded with beautiful velvet moss and moss-covered stones, were so tempting as to compel you to drink from them. There were lovely nooks that seemed just the kind of homes the brownies love, but the only brownies you ever saw were the squirrels, and these seemed to live in the hollow trunks of trees, or stumps, from which they gazed wonderingly at you when you were wise enough to sit still

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on some tree-trunk until they thought they were all alone, when they would begin their busy life which your appearance interrupted.

The road that led to Myrtle's house finally came to a clearing—rough, stony, with here and there a huge dead tree lifting its great bare arms to the sky. Grasshoppers by the millions were in these fields. They spangled your dress as you walked. The crickets sang until it seemed as if the very blades of grass must have throats with vocal chords, so full of sound was the field when you sat down to rest after the hard climb. Great clouds hung over the mountain beyond the valley in which you saw the little white church and the pretty yellow school-house. The roads ran up the hills to the north like brown ribbons, while the brook seemed to link them like a silver band as it wound in and out, reflecting the sunlight. The stony field was a steep climb to a road that was on the top of a mountain. You walked but a short distance on this road, when, if you had not been told of it, you would be startled to find a beautiful lake lying in what you might compare to a dimple right on the top of the mountain. Sometimes the lake is as blue as the heavens that seem to hover over it, again resembling nothing so much as a great drop of mercury, so still and silvery is it. Again it seems to reflect the green of the trees on its further side, while one day we saw it lashed into a fury of white caps—angry, dark, repellent, as if the summer had suddenly flown, so that you buttoned your coat when you saw it. This lake was peculiar in that no one knew what waters fed it. A beautiful brook which formed a waterfall was its outlet, but what waters fed it no one knew.

On the road, before you reached this lake, is a tiny house that at some time has been whitewashed. It is, you know at once, the home of some children who are poor. A soap-box wagon, and a thin little kitten, with a piece of red calico round its neck, lying on the piazza, tell you this. Off in the fields you can see a log house with small windows. This house at first sight you may think a barn, until you notice a rusty stovepipe coming through the roof. One day we came on to the lake road, and saw a woman coming across the field. She wore a sunbonnet, and her calico dress was patched and torn, one sleeve gone from the elbow. "Will you please tell us how to get to the road that we have been told goes through the woods on the other side of the lake?" we asked.

She looked at us curiously as she directed us, and then added:

"If yees a mind to go through them bars," pointing to bars directly in front of us, "and will crawl under two wire fences, ye will come to the road just by my house; that's my house over there. This is my married dorter's house, and we go that way." She turned quickly and hurried away.

We went through the bars, and then discovered a foot-path well worn. It led through a piece of swampy ground over which we had to pick our way. We crawled under two barbed-wire fences, and then found ourselves in the same field with Myrtle's house. As we came nearer we saw that there must be at least nine children looking at us through the small windows not entirely supplied with glass. As we looked back to the bars we wondered if visits were often made between the two houses, and, if so, what they did on Sunday if they "dressed up." We had vivid recollections of the dirt on our dresses after we got through the wire fences. We nodded to the children as we came nearer, but there was no response. They looked at us in round-eyed wonder, without any more expression than the cows our walk across the fields had interested. Myrtle is about fifteen: tall, thin, with a face so still that you wonder if she ever smiles. Myrtle stands back of the other children. In the front yard we found a large cooking-stove, with a long pipe; on it stood two cooking-pots. The stove was rusty, but large and strong-looking; a wash-tub, a pile of wood near the stove, a dented dish-pan, showed plainly that, in summer at least, the family had the use of a three-acre field for a kitchen, with the breezes from the lake to carry off the odors of cooking. It was a bright, sunny morning, but the door and every window in the house were tightly closed. There was not a sound but the lazy lapping of the ripples of the lake on the shore, now and then a slow ding-dong of a cow-bell, and the chirping of the crickets in the grass. All this silence with the faces of seven children gazing at you solemnly from the one window in the front of the house! We found the road—just wheel-tracks in front of the house, not more than five feet from the cooking-stove. We followed it to the woods, and as we entered we looked back, but the house gave no signs of life. When we reached home we asked about the family, and then we heard of Myrtle. The house is two miles from the nearest school-house, over a rough, stony road the greater part of the way; about once a month the children go to school, yet Myrtle has learned to read. She learns her Sunday-school lesson, and reads as well as any of the girls in her Sunday-school class who go to school every day. She, it is evident, gets ready all the brothers and sisters who have clothes to come to Sunday-school, and pilots them to and from the tiny church. Whether she feels unequal to doing this every day, and that is the reason they do not come to day-school, or whether there are not clothes enough to go round, and those who must remain at home Sunday when the others go out are not willing to lend their wardrobes every day, no one knows. Myrtle makes no explanations. She comes down from the mountain Sunday with the three or four she has dressed—it is never the same three or four, but the clothes are always the same—gives her attention in her own class, yet always has an eye on her charges, nods her good-by, and starts up the mountain again, to appear the next Sunday.

Johnny's home is on the top of the mountain across the valley, but the two houses are as unlike as if in different lands, and both are as remote from the lives of the children who read these columns as are the homes of Japan or South America. All speak the same language; the fathers, and brothers old enough to vote, doubtless often vote for the same man for President; the homes are taxed to support the same government; but the children are as foreign, the homes as foreign, as though oceans, time, and methods of government separated them.

A Remarkable Collector

A boy in Portland, Me., many years ago, was deeply interested in collections, and after taking up several things, minerals, stamps, and the like, he settled down to making a collection of shells. At seventeen he had developed such keenness of observation as to discover a new species of shell, and presented a paper before the Boston Society of Natural History on his discovery. In a few months he again discovered a new species that had been classified as the young of a known species. A great English naturalist visiting this country was taken to visit this boy and see his collection of shells. He was so interested that on his return to Boston he spoke of the collection to Professor Agassiz, who invited the collector to Harvard as a special student. That boy is known to the world as Professor Morse. He went to Japan as Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Tokio, and while in Japan began studying the beautiful pottery of that artistic nation, until he had become an authority, and was made judge at the Chicago Exposition. Professor Morse attributes his knowledge of Japanese pottery to the habits of close inspection acquired in his boyhood when making his collection of shells.

Here and Elsewhere

Canada is now brought into direct communication with Honolulu. The first vessel left Vancouver for Honolulu last May. This will enable Canada to have its tropical fruits directly from, and also to sell its own products directly to, the Sandwich Islands. It is said that a third steamship is being built with a special view of transferring beef and mutton from Australia in exchange for frozen

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salmon and other fish from British Columbia. The opening of this new line between British Columbia and the Southern Pacific will, it is thought, result in the establishment of a line of fast steamers between Canada and England, and that result will be to increase the commercial interests of Canada.

A remarkable story is told of a dog that was lost while out hunting with his master, who lives in Florida. Eighteen days afterward the master was again hunting, and he recognized the howling of his dog. He located the sound and went toward it, and found the dog in the bottom of a dry well, where it is supposed that he must have been for eighteen days without food or water.

The first penny was coined in 1793 in England. The first Saxon penny was of silver, deeply indented with a cross, so that it could be broken in two or four parts. Edward I. coined gold pennies. In 1797 copper pennies were first used in England, and bronze ones in 1860. The United States coined copper pennies, copper cents and half-cents in 1793, in 1857 the nickel cent, and in 1865 the bronze cent.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is about to undertake an engineering feat in the Santa Cruz Mountains in California. Last spring a landslide at the end of a tunnel caused a blockade of the road for several weeks. This landslide raised the level of a mountain stream several feet higher than the railroad track. The creek is dry at certain times, but during the rainy seasons such a torrent runs through its bed as to make it impossible to operate the road at this point. The engineers at first decided to lower the stream to its old level, but this, it was decided, would be too great an expense, and now the road will extend the tunnel 200 feet, and cause the stream to flow over the tunnel, over a mass of solid masonry. It is said that when this is accomplished this waterfall will be the largest artificial waterfall in the world.

Sunday Afternoon

Law, Lawlessness, and Liberty[1]

By Lyman Abbott

In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.—Judges xxi., 25.
After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—Matthew vi., 9, 10.

The first of these texts describes the earliest and most chaotic state of Jewish society—the colonial period, before the laws which had been partly given in the wilderness had come to be incorporated in the national life. There was no king. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes. That is the earliest and lowest and most barbaric form of society. The second of these texts gives the divine ideal to which God is educating the nations of the earth: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." With this contrast before us—that state of society in which there is no law, but every man does as he likes, and that state of society in which there is a divine law to which all men are loyal—I wish to offer some reflections this morning, suggested by the condition of society in which we are living. For I think we are all more or less impressed by the indications of a prevalent spirit of lawlessness in America. The indications of it are so numerous, the reports of the sporadic illustrations of it are so frequent, that it is impossible for the blindest to be absolutely blind thereto. It is seen in the open and avowed teaching of Anarchism, not merely in little sheets of no influence, not merely in bloodthirsty speeches by Anarchists on platforms in Chicago or New York, but in able and scholarly essays—in the great French, German, and English reviews, transferred, in fragments at least, to our own country—the philosophic doctrine that all law is bad, that there ought to be no government, that men should be free to do as they please. It is seen in the increase of crime in America, said by the ablest and most careful statisticians to be increasing more rapidly than population, rapidly as population has been increasing during the last quarter of a century. It is seen in acts of mob violence, confined to no particular section of the country. A labor union in Pennsylvania enacts laws for the government of its own members, as it has a perfect right to do, and then undertakes, without any sanction whatever, implied or express, from the people of the commonwealth in which it is living, to enforce those laws over others who have had no voice in determining whether they shall be law or not, and to enforce those laws by the sword and by cannon. We have hardly gotten over the shock of this before another labor union in the far West does the same thing—enacts a law for its own body, as it has a perfect right to do, and then undertakes to enforce that will of its own over other people in the State, who have had no voice in determining whether this shall be law or not. It is seen in the South, from which there come to us continually reports of lynchings, hangings, burnings, and torturings of negroes, arrested, tried, convicted without any pretense of due form of law. It is seen in the public, open, and unblushing palliation of acts of lawlessness: as by one Western Governor, who not only pardons the condemned, as he had a right to do, but takes that occasion to inveigh against the court which convicted the pardoned, which he had no right to do; and in the words of another Western Governor, who says that lawlessness must sometimes be winked at—about the worst utterance that has proceeded from any public man in America. It is seen in the proposition in our own State to put upon the highest bench of this State a man whose chief claim to the nomination lies in the fact that he has openly and flagrantly violated the law in order that he might confer a partisan advantage upon his party in an hour of critical trial. It is seen in the open, flagrant, undisguised setting at naught of all law by the liquor traffic, in this city, in New York, in the State, I might almost say in the Nation. It is seen in the proposition, in violation certainly of the spirit if not of the letter of the law, to hold, almost within the sound of the very place where you are sitting, a prize-fight, under the approval of men who are sworn to administer and maintain the law. It is seen in the acts of public corporations, which are wise enough to secure legal advice that keeps them within the forms of law, trampling the rights of private citizens and threatening to trample the rights of the public under foot for their own pecuniary advantage. It is seen in the evasion of the tax laws, by no means confined to the poor, but participated in by not a few of the educated and the rich. It is seen in the sympathy for the criminals, manifested in the flowers and fruits sent to them in their prison, and in such provisions for escape and such difficulties thrown in the way of conviction as make it almost impossible to secure, with anything like the expedition that is necessary, the conviction of any criminal, if he has money to hire an advocate to defend him. Such are some of the indications of the spirit of lawlessness within the bounds of the American Commonwealth.

If we look back over a hundred years, we can easily see, I think, the process which has led to this spirit of lawlessness, or at all events which has promoted and increased it. The American Revolution started in a protest against law. For years men had been under law issuing from a king, or an oligarchy, or an aristocracy: the many controlled by the one, or by the few; the one class ruled and governed by the other class; and naturally, and perhaps legitimately, the first effort of the people was to throw off these bonds which tradition had fastened upon them. The first reaction against the despotism of the Old World was precisely into that state which is described in the Book of Judges—a state in which every man might do as it seemed to him right. And this natural reaction was intensified and strengthened by the teaching of France, at whose feet we had sat, of the doctrine inculcated by Rousseau, that the

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 8, 1893. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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ideal state of man is a state of nature, a state in which every man does what seems to him right, and that in government liberty, or some measure of it, is surrendered for some greater advantage of law and order, and that the true method of political reform is to go back to the state of nature, to get rid of law and authority and government, and come as nearly as possible into the condition in which every man would do that which is right in his own eyes. The anti-slavery conflict still further strengthened this tendency toward independence and individualism. Whatever it may have been in the hearts of a comparatively small number of Abolitionists, whatever it may have been as interpreted by a few great prophets, whatever it may have been in the thought of some men who heard the voice of God in the clarion note of the Civil War, the Nation as a Nation denied that the whites owed duties to the blacks; the Nation, by its public acts and proclamations, said over and over again that the North did not owe a duty of freedom to the negro. All that we claimed was the right to use the negro to get National sovereignty. I know that Mr. Beecher claimed more than that; I know that you claimed more than that; I know that the great prophets and leaders of America claimed more than that; but in the official documents and declarations, yes, and in the public sentiment—as I knew it in the West, where I was throughout the Civil War—that was the general claim: the right of the white man to use the black man to secure National sovereignty. Finally, there have been landing on our shores for the last quarter of a century men who have identified law with despotism and religion with despotism—men who have a natural hate of government because government has been despotic, and of the priesthood because the priesthood has promoted superstition. The Irishman who is said to have been asked when he landed on these shores which side he was on, and replied, "I am on whatever side is against the Government," gave the natural and instinctive reply of a very considerable proportion of the immigrants who have landed on our shores. I do not find fault with them; I do not think it could have been otherwise; I speak of it only as one of the elements which in a hundred years have contributed to the notion that liberty and independence are the same.

But they are not the same. Liberty is not the right of every man to do that which is right in his own eyes. Liberty is not individualism. The condition of liberty is not a state of nature. And over against this notion that liberty means the setting aside of law, the lessening of law, the abrogation of law—over against this notion that liberty means that every man may do as he pleases, I desire this morning, in very brief and simple fashion, to state the Bible doctrine, which is also the scientific doctrine, of freedom.

I turn to the Old Testament and to the New Testament—this Book from which as from a fountain source the inspiration of free institutions has been drawn for all Anglo-Saxon peoples—I turn to this Book to ask, In what does liberty consist? and in its very opening pages it replies to me that liberty consists in allegiance to God. Not in the right of every man to do whatsoever he pleases, but in the duty of every man to respect his fellow-man, because God is King. "You shall not therefore oppress one another, but fear thy God, for I am the Lord your God." The laws of Moses all stand on that foundation. Thou shalt not oppress the stranger, for I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not be a respecter of persons, for I am the Lord thy God. Righteousness and liberty and duty rest on the solemn sanction of a divine Lawgiver, not on any notion that there are no laws. I turn again to one of the old prophets—that passage which I read in your presence this morning: "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Liberty and peace! Men "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." Peace and liberty! Every one shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with no man to molest and make him afraid. Why? Because law is abolished? No! Because laws are to proceed, not from a priesthood, not from a king, not from an oligarchy, not from an aristocracy, not from a democratic majority, but from Zion, from the will and scepter and throne of an Almighty Lawgiver. I turn again to the words of the Master: "But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ." Why shall I not call this man master? Why shall I not bow down before him as my pope or my king? Why shall no man bow down before me? Because there is no law? Because every man is as good as every other man? No! Because one is my Father, which is in heaven, and one is my Master, even Christ, and to set any other man over him and count any other man my master is disloyalty to my Christ and dishonor to my God and my King. This is the only ground the Bible knows, from Genesis to Revelation, for liberty.

Liberty, then, is not the right of every man to do as he pleases. Government is not a contrivance of humanity—the less of it the better. Law is not an authority exercised by one man over another man. We are born into government as we are born into a family. We are born into a kingdom of laws. They are wrought into our very structure. A man can never get away from law, unless he can get away from himself: for the law is not something outside of him, it is something within him. He was made a bundle of laws when he was created. He would have to tear himself to pieces before he could become in very truth a lawless creature. He is hedged about by physical and material laws, and all the progress of civilization has been in obedience to those physical and material laws which he has learned and studied. He is bound about and directed and controlled by intellectual laws. If a man says, I am not going to be governed by laws of logic; I am going to draw what conclusions I please from what premises I please, he belongs in the lunatic asylum. All the processes of education are according to the laws of the intellect. We are bound about and united together by social and economic laws. We cannot set ourselves against them without bringing commercial disaster into the community. We are bound about by the higher moral and spiritual laws that link us to the Infinite and the Eternal, that are written in our own nature, that are interpreted by our own conscience. Such are the declarations of the Bible, such the declaration of reason, such the declarations of the great thinkers from the days of Plato down to the present time. "The only liberty," says Burke, "that is valuable is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them." "Freedom," says Professor Green, "is a liberation of the powers of all men equally for contributions to the common good." "The only liberty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is the liberty to be unhindered in obeying natural laws." Liberty is not the right of every man to do what seemeth to him good. It is the right of men to be unhindered in seeking the common good in a lawful and orderly manner; that is, to seek divine ends by divine methods, free from human interference.

In the first place, then, liberty involves the right of every man to find out for himself what are the divine laws, and to obey those laws as they are revealed and disclosed to him, provided that obedience to his own understanding of them does not bring him into conflict with the rights of his neighbor. This is the secret and the meaning of religious liberty the world over. If my Presbyterian friend says, This is my creed, that is right. But if he says that that shall be my creed, I protest against that, for I have the right to find my own way to God's truth as I can. He shall not choose the path for me. If the Roman Catholic says, The confessional is a good means for the education of the individual, I may differ with him, but I will not deny his right to set up the confessional. But if he says the confessional is required, and every man and woman and child must come to the confessional before they can come to the communion, I rise in rebellion, for he is making the path to God and insisting that men shall obey his law, and not find their way by their own method and their own

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way. If my Episcopalian friend says it is best to have a bishop for the administration of the Church, I am not sure that he may not be right. But if he says, If you do not have a bishop you are no minister, you shall not preach, and you cannot administer the sacrament, I will never submit; for I have a right to find my own way to my path of usefulness, with or without a bishop, as God shall point the way to me. If the Baptist says, It is better to be baptized by immersion than by sprinkling, I will not quarrel with him, I will even go down into the baptistery with him; but if he says, If you are not baptized by immersion you are no child of God, I will quarrel with him as long as the world stands, for the man who is godly has come to God, whether he comes through a baptistery or through sprinkling, or through neither the one nor the other. Religious liberty is the right of every soul to find its own way to God as it will, but always to find its way to God, not its way somewhere else.

And, in the second place, liberty means that, on the whole, it is better to trust all men to search for the laws of God than to trust to any class in the community to find out what they are. Democracy does not mean that every man is as good as his neighbor. It does not mean that the majority are always wiser than the minority. It certainly does not mean that the majority have a right to frame a law and compel the minority to submit to it, whether the law is righteous or unrighteous. What it means is this: There are infinite and eternal laws of God, and we are to find out what they are. Monarchy says, We have a king—he shall tell us. Oligarchy says, We will take a few men in the community, and they shall tell us. Aristocracy says, We will breed a special class and put their representatives in a House of Lords, and they shall tell us. America says, No! every man in the country that is of full age and has an understanding shall have a part in the endeavor to find out what the divine laws are. Suppose we were to establish a class of men and give them the exclusive privilege to invent; only the men that have passed such and such an examination, acquired such facilities of superior knowledge, only they shall be permitted to apply for a patent. We should get rid of a good many cranks, we should be free from a great many useless and worthless inventions, but we should close the door on many a real inventor who has added to our knowledge and the wealth of our Nation. No! we say, every man may study the laws of nature. Presumptively, the educated man will study them to better advantage than the uneducated; presumptively, the man who has learned how to observe and reason from his observation will get better results than the man who has not. But every man may study, every man may explore, every man may investigate, every man may sail this sea, though there be but one Columbus that finds the continent. And so we say in this Nation, every man, the wise and the unwise, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, all may have a part in the great exploration in which we are engaged to find out what is justice and righteousness and truth. They shall all take part in it. The wider the search, the larger the discoveries. Democracy does not make laws, it discovers what law is. And democracy not only means this, it means also that there is no way to the kingdom of God except the way which teaches each individual in the community that law comes from God, and brings the will of each individual into conformity with the law of God, and makes him of free choice loyal to the divine law written in his own nature and in the nature of the community. Some of my fellow-citizens, for whose opinion I have the greatest respect, would be glad to get rid of universal suffrage in this country; some would be glad to have a property qualification, and some would be glad to have an educational qualification; and I do not deny that the strain and stress on our Nation from universal suffrage is a very severe one. But do you not see that any scheme which allows the few to rule over the many, whether it be monarchic or oligarchic or aristocratic or partially and incompletely democratic, is, after all, not the method which teaches those who are ruled over to come into loyalty to the will and law of God? Liberty is not lawlessness, neither is it obedience to human enactment: it is self-government. And to those of us who believe in democracy, democracy stands for, not the notion that all men are capable of self-government, but that liberty is self-government, and has its roots in loyalty to God and in a perception of the divine law and in obedience to it, and the most direct and quickest method to this end is the method which sets all men together on the quest, and makes all the community together suffer for the ignorance, the superstition, the folly, and even the crimes of their fellow-citizens.

If what I have said this morning be true, we have a long and fundamental work before us—work in which every one of you has some part. There is not a child here to-day—though I am afraid many of the children have not been able to follow my sermon—there is not a child here to-day who may not learn the lesson, Obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right; that is, this is your righteousness. Your father stands in the place of God to you, and you are to learn the fundamental lessons of obedience to God's law by obedience to father and mother. There is not a mother here who may not carry home from this sermon the lesson that she is something more than one individual will set over against another individual will. God has anointed her in his place, and the mother is the only pope in the world; *ex cathedra*, she is infallible, though she makes a great many mistakes. The little child is to be taught to yield its will to her will, not through fear, but through a great loyalty; and so, in the nursery and from the very cradle, to learn what loyalty means to the King above, and what love to him involves. We need this lesson in our systems of education. We have been acting for a hundred years on the notion that man could be self-seeking and governed by self-interest, if only intelligent; then all would be well. It is not true. Individual teachers, hundreds of thousands of them, have tried to give a broader scope and a deeper meaning to education, but they have done so in spite of the system, in spite of the laws, in spite of public sentiment. And they will bear witness with me (and there are a great many of them in Plymouth congregation) that the public school system, and the whole educational system, must be transformed. Not that a catechism may be taught in the school hours, not that a little of the Bible may be read in the beginning and a prayer uttered at the end, not that the system of education may have a little narrow fringe of religion around it—no such miserable thing as that; but that it must be so founded, so constructed, so administered, and so carried on, by men who see something else than a road to political advancement and to political spoliation in it, that every teacher in every school-room shall have the largest opportunity, not merely to teach the intellect, but so to shape the conscience and direct the will that a self-governing power shall be wrought into the little domain that is for the time under her molding influence and her inspiring direction. We need this lesson in the Church. We have reacted against the old Puritan preaching of law—rightly reacted, wisely reacted; but the time has come when we need to go back again; the time has come when there needs to be taught this lesson from every pulpit in the country, that God is a Lawgiver, and that liberty lies in loyalty, not in the individual right to do whatever each one pleases. Finally, there is the duty laid upon every man who counts himself among the best citizens—and do you know any man who does not?—to bring that best citizenship of his to bear all through the Commonwealth. It is not enough to vote wisely and go home and sleep about it, but he must take that will of his and carry it into the public affairs of the city, and insist, with the power with which you business men do insist in your business, as you ought to, that the brain and the heart and the conscience shall rule in the municipalities, in the Congress, in all legislation. Men say that the Bible is past, we have got beyond it. "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men"—I am reading from Exodus, one of the oldest books of the Bible—"Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens."

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Take that text, and carry it to Brooklyn City Hall, and see how the two compare; carry it across the city to New York; take it up the river to Albany; take it to Washington. Test your rulers of hundreds, and fifties, and tens by that test. We have a great deal to do in this nineteenth century, in this America of ours, before we can bring up the Nation to the ideal of the old, old prophet. Thank God, there are men who are trying to do it. Thank God, there are men of courage who are speaking braver words than I am speaking, and doing far braver work. It is easy to say these things to a sympathetic audience, to men who come up and shake hands in congratulation with me at the close. It is not so easy to act on these principles in other circumstances. Thank God for the men of all political parties who are so doing! I am proud to be the pastor of such men, in both political parties, here in this Plymouth Church congregation, men who are trying to put into their respective organizations rulers who fear God and hate covetousness. All honor to the men who, against obstacle and difficulty and discouragement, are trying to make the waters of our political river run pure, and cleanse the filth of our Augean stables! "The kingdom of God is taken by violence, and the violent take it by storm." "I have come not to send peace, but a sword." I think it is time in America, time in the Empire State, time in our own city of Brooklyn, to lift those two mottoes and make them fly athwart the sky and summon by their burning light and letters all true men and brave and pure to stand for law, for law in high places as in low places, and for law because law comes from God, and disloyalty is sin.

The Gospel of the Resurrection[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Christianity may be regarded either as a life or as a system; either as a spirit, or as a spirit embodied in intellectual and liturgical forms. As the former, it is simply the Christ life, the Christ spirit—that is, a life, a spirit, like that of Christ; it is faith, hope, and love. In this broad sense a man might be termed a Christian who had never heard of Christ, much as a man might be termed a Hegelian who regards life as Hegel did, although he may never have read a line of Hegel's works or even have heard of him. To this disembodied, this unincarnated, this purely spiritual Christianity, nothing external is essential. Some creeds help to produce it; some forms of worship help to cultivate it, and some to hinder its development. Yet it may, and sometimes does, exist with the least of such helps, and sometimes fails in spite of the best of them.

But if Christianity is to be a living, and above all if it is to be an organized, force in the world, it must be embodied. It must have a form, an organization, a body, a voice. And essential to this embodied Christianity is the doctrine of Christ's resurrection.

Historically, belief in that doctrine is the foundation of Christianity as an organized life. It is now generally agreed among scholars of all classes that the Epistle to the Corinthians was written within about thirty years after Christ's death. Thus we have it established that within that period the Church of Christ was founded on belief in the resurrection of its Lord. And this belief, according to the Book of Acts, was everywhere fundamental in the Apostle's preaching. This was their message: that Jesus, whom the Jews had slain, was the world's Messiah; and the evidence of his Messiahship was this, that God had raised him again from the dead. If this faith in the resurrection had been taken from them, their message would have been taken from them. For they did not go merely repeating the Sermon on the Mount. They were not the heralds of a new law and a new Lawgiver. They did not go merely telling the story of a beautiful life; they were not the eulogists of a hero or a martyr. They did not go seeking to commend the new faith by the story of the Passion and the death. Their message was not, A good man has been put to death. On the contrary, the fact that their Leader had been put to death was a stumbling-block to the Jews and an offense to the Gentiles; and they had to put the stumbling-block out of the way and remove the offense before they could commend him to either Jew or Gentile. And the power by which they accomplished this was their faith in and their witness to the resurrection. Their message was: "Him being delivered by the determined counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain; whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death." It was because they believed that his Messiahship was attested by his resurrection that they went forth proclaiming him. It was because they persuaded the world that he had risen from the dead that the world accepted him, and the Church won its way despite Jewish prejudice and Gentile hostility.

And as the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the foundation historically of the Church, so it is the foundation doctrinally of the faith of the Church. For that faith is not merely that men ought to love one another, and do unto others as they would have others do unto them; nor merely that a good and great man, or the best and greatest of men, lived and died in Palestine eighteen centuries ago. It is that God has revealed himself to men, that he has tabernacled and dwelt among men, in order that he might bring them his loving-kindness, and lift them up out of their unworthy lives, and make them worthy to be called the children of God; it is that they are his children, and possess an immortal nature, and are called to share his glory with him; it is that all this is attested by the life and death and resurrection of his Son Jesus, the world's Messiah. And the historic foundation of this faith is in the fact that death had no dominion over this Son of God; that when the powers of evil had waged their war against him to the bitter end, and done their worst, and won their victory, he triumphed over them; that he proved, not only that his own nature was divine and immortal, but that this was the nature of that manhood which he had taken upon himself that he might illustrate what it was; that by rising from the dead, victor over death and the grave, he proved himself the Leader unto the immortal and the divine life of all those who follow him.

Thus this faith in the Resurrection is also the inspiration of much, if not of all, that is peculiar in the spiritual experience of the Christian. With the children of God of all ages and all religions, seekers after their Father's face, the Christian shares a faith in the invisible, and a hope that is not seen. But he possesses, beyond men of all other religions, a faith and a hope peculiarly his own. And this his faith in a God whom he has seen is founded primarily, certainly, on the incomparable character of Jesus Christ, but secondarily on Christ's resurrection; and this his hope in the unseen is vivified and established by this disclosure of the invisible world made to him in the return therefrom of the One whom death could not imprison. The definiteness of his faith and the assurance of his hope are thus founded on this, that "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

A complete consideration of the subject before us would require some consideration of the grounds of our belief in the resurrection of our Lord, of the nature of that resurrection, and of the relation which our faith in that resurrection bears to our Christian system and our Christian life. In this article I have purposely confined myself to some suggestions upon the latter branch of the subject, both because the limits of such an article as this forbid a larger theme, and because this is Paul's special theme in the verses assigned for our study.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for November 5, 1893.—1 Cor. xv., 12–26.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: November 6—At your will (Lev. xix., 1–5); November 7—A free-will offering (Deut. xvi., 9–12); November 8—Honor the Lord with thy substance (Prov. iii., 1–10); November 9—Give and spare not (Prov. xxii., 25–31); November 10—Poor, yet hath great riches (Prov. xiii., 7–11); November 11—Not grudgingly (2 Cor. viii., 12; Mark xii., 43, 44); November 12—Topic: Our love tested by our gifts (2 Cor. viii., 1–9—ix., 6–8).

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The Religious World

If it be true, as has been stated since the death of the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, that when he went to Chicago last month to attend the Parliament of Religions he said that he was told that he was making the journey at the risk of his life, but he could not let the opportunity pass of speaking in behalf of religious toleration and religious liberty, the act was characteristic of the man. His whole life was one of devotion to the cause of Christian union and of Christian learning. Born in 1819 in Switzerland and educated in the German universities of Berlin, Halle, and Tübingen, he had already attained a high reputation as scholar and writer when, in 1844, he accepted a professorship from the German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. His trial for heretical views the following year has now almost been forgotten. Twenty-five years after he came to America Dr. Schaff joined the Presbyterian communion, and the year after was made Professor of Sacred Literature at Union Seminary, where he had already been heard as a lecturer, as he had been also at the Yale and Hartford Seminaries. The Professorship of Church History at the Union Seminary was bestowed upon him in 1887; his active work as a teacher continued until very recently. As a writer on theological and Biblical topics Dr. Schaff led the scholarship of the country. The list of his works is long, but his "Church History," "Creeds of Christendom," and the Schaff-Herzog "Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" are almost indispensable to the library. In the matter of the revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible Dr. Schaff took a leading part. He was President of the American Committee, and practically chose his co-workers. His own work was directed more especially to the New Testament revision. Dr. Schaff was also one of the founders of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and took an earnest interest in its activities. In many other efforts to unite Christian energies at home and abroad he labored incessantly. Dr. Schaff received degrees from several colleges and universities, including St. Andrew's University of Scotland and the University of the City of New York, conferred when he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of his professorship at Berlin. His death took place in this city on Friday last.

Cardinal Gibbons

Cardinal Gibbons is one of the most distinguished and beloved prelates in the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. His spirituality, liberality, and appreciation of the fact that he is an American, have all combined to give him a unique place in the hearts of the American people. No man of his Church in the United States has won so wide regard, not only in his own Church, but among Protestants. The celebration last week of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his being made a bishop was by no means local. The Roman Catholic Church throughout the country took part in it, and almost every well-known Catholic dignitary was present. It seems a sign of better days for the Roman Church to read that Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, preached the sermon, while Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, with Monsignor Satolli, were also present, as if no serious controversy had divided them. Baltimore was the first home of the genial Cardinal, and, though he traveled much in early life, he returned there and graduated from St. Charles's College. His first episcopal position was as Bishop of Adramyttum, and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. He was next appointed Bishop of Richmond, and then called to the see of Baltimore. He was consecrated Archbishop in 1877, and elevated to the Cardinalate in 1884. The exercises in honor of the Cardinal, October 18, were of great solemnity and beauty, and were a distinct and worthy expression of the appreciation in which he is held. After the Pontifical High Mass was completed, the Cardinal being upon his throne, and the Papal Delegate on another throne, with the bishops and clergy around, the Archbishop of New York ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon. This was followed by the reading of a letter from the Pope to the Cardinal, and brought by special messenger from Rome. At the vesper service in the evening the sermon was delivered by Archbishop Ireland. Thus the two leading parts were taken by those who have been supposed to be opposing leaders in the councils of the Church. Many have seen in this fact the promise of greater unity in the future. It gives us much pleasure to congratulate Cardinal Gibbons on the high esteem in which he is held, and the great influence for good which he has been permitted to exert. Such men in high official positions are not only a blessing to the denominations which they serve, but to the whole Church of Christ on the earth.

Professors Briggs and Smith

The interminable controversy in the Presbyterian Church is dragging its slow length along, and the party of reactionists seem to be almost everywhere in the saddle. The remark of a distinguished Presbyterian professor, himself a man of liberal spirit, that at Washington the liberal party met a Waterloo defeat, seems to be confirmed by every new act of Presbyterian bodies. Professor Henry P. Smith appealed to the Synod of Ohio from the action of the Presbytery of Cincinnati suspending him from the ministry, and he has just been heard by that body, and again defeated. It is not necessary for us to give the details of the process by which this result was reached. The most dramatic incident of the meeting was when the prosecutor, Dr. McKibbin, turned to Professor Smith and asked the following question:

> Are you willing to accept the finding of our supreme court as to the inspiration and truthfulness of the Word of God? and do you agree that you will cease to teach views in conflict with the doctrine there set forth? And I say if Dr. Smith will say, in the presence of this Synod, I will accept the finding of the supreme court of this Church, and promise, while I remain a minister of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, I will not teach in conflict with the doctrinal teaching of that decision, the Presbyterians of Cincinnati would like to have a chance to vote to remove his suspension. I ask, before God and this Synod, I ask the question.

To this Dr. Smith replied that he had nothing to conceal, that he was personally perfectly willing to answer the question, but that he could not answer it without putting both himself and his prosecutors in a false position. He said: "If the sentence of suspension is to be removed, it should be done in such a way as to leave me in the position of every minister in the Church—responsible to the Presbytery, like any of my brethren." He could not, therefore, answer the question. The result of the voting was that his appeal was defeated by majorities on the various specifications of from forty to seventy.——Practically the same history has been repeated in the case of Professor Briggs. He appealed to the Synod of New York, but that Synod, by a large majority, decided to dismiss his complaint, and thereby practically affirmed the legality of the action of the General Assembly in Washington. It now remains to be seen what action will be taken by liberal Presbyterians, who, in the strong churches and among the prominent and scholarly ministers, are in a decided majority.

The Parliament of Religions in New York

The Congregational Club of New York, at its meeting on Monday evening, October 17, reproduced in miniature the Parliament of Religions. The speakers were Dr. Lyman Abbott, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, of India, Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, and the Rev. Dr. Momerie, of England. The addresses of all the speakers were of great interest, and worthy of the occasion, but the special attraction of the evening was Mr. Mozoomdar. He has been in this country before, and was not a stranger to many who heard him at the Club. He is known as the author of "The Oriental Christ," the successor of Chunder Sen in the leadership of the Brahmo-Somaj in India, and an orator of very remarkable thoughtfulness and eloquence. He is apparently about fifty-five years of age, a man of most refined manners and gracious bearing, with features as delicate as those of a Greek, but swarthy, as is the complexion of all Eastern people. He speaks the English language with great accuracy and fluency, and apparently is

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well informed in the literature and ecclesiastical affairs of the New World. The burden of his address was the supremacy of the religious sentiment and its reality wherever it is and through whatever books it seeks expression. The system of the Brahmo-Somaj is an eclectic one, and aims to absorb the good which it finds in all religions. In the course of his address Mr. Mozoomdar was most enthusiastic in his praise of the good work which is being done by Christian missionaries in India, especially in times of pestilence and famine. He begged the churches to continue sending them, and to support them; and at the same time argued with great earnestness that they should be more considerate and tolerant of the honest faith of the people among whom they labor. All the teachings of the Hindus and the Buddhists are not of the Evil One, and if missionaries would be more willing to appreciate the good which exists in his land they would accomplish far more swiftly the objects for which they labor. Mr. Mozoomdar is a genuine orator, and, while his thought is profound, it is also expressed in picturesque and poetical form, and consequently he holds his hearers spell-bound from beginning to end.

Conscience in Politics

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the interest which is being taken in practical politics by Christian people in Brooklyn and New Jersey. That in Brooklyn has been truly called an "uprising against crime," and those who are leading in it are also the leaders in Christian work and the pastors of the great Christian churches. In New Jersey the special point of attack is the iniquitious race-track legislation of the past winter, which made the last Legislature the most disgraceful in the history of the State. The gambling interest in that State is maintained by the sporting classes who leave New York on the one side and Philadelphia on the other; who seem to have almost unbounded capital at their back; and who shrink from no expedient which will enable them to carry out their nefarious plans. As Louisiana was under the baleful influence of its lottery, so New Jersey has been manipulated for the vilest purposes by the villains who have taken refuge within its borders from New York and Pennsylvania. But it must not be supposed that the State is given over to these lewd fellows of the baser sort. The finest suburbs of New York are within its boundaries, and the old families of the State are as loyal to righteousness as were the old New Englanders. Consequently, it is not surprising that at last they have been awakened to make a strong effort for the redemption of their State. It should be distinctly understood that this is even more a religious than a political movement. Party lines are going out of sight, and great moral issues are pushed to the front. The leaders in this crusade are, perhaps, more than any others, the Rev. Dr. Kempshall, of Elizabeth, and the Rev. John L. Scudder, of Jersey City. The latter never tires of pouring hot shot from his pulpit into the ranks of the enemy, while the former is perhaps more active and efficient as an organizer. In Jersey City a Moral Reform Society has been organized, with the express purpose of influencing the election of Sheriff and Members of Assembly in Essex County. Twenty-four churches were represented at the first meeting, and it is probable that every church in the city will co-operate in the effort. In England we hear very much about the "Nonconformist conscience;" the work of Dr. Parkhurst in New York, of the various churches in Brooklyn, and of the Moral Reform Society in New Jersey, is making it very clear that the Christian conscience in America is a vital and aggressive force.

Ministers and Morals

The Christian conscience of the United States is by no means dormant, and the cry that the churches are unpractical has no longer much basis in fact. Another example of the alertness of the ministers is found in the procession of protests which has moved toward the Governor of the State of New York against the proposed prize-fight which has been advertised for the near future in Brooklyn, but is now, it is hoped, averted. As an example of what is being done in this direction, we publish the resolution of the Clerical Union of New York, which was adopted and ordered to be forwarded to the Governor. It is as follows:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Clerical Union of New York and vicinity, in session Monday, October 2, 1893, in the Bible House, New York, hereby record our strongest condemnation of the prize-fights of the past and that proposed at Coney Island. We believe that such exhibitions corrupt our youth, pollute society, and injure the cause of Christ in the Church and in the home. Therefore we urge all good citizens to use their influence against such brutality, and we call upon all peace officers and the Governor of the State of New York to exercise their legal powers and prevent all violations of law in prize-fights or anything connected therewith.

We gladly commend the crusade against prize-fights into which some of the newspapers of New York and Brooklyn have entered, and we trust all the other newspapers of these cities will join us in upholding the laws.

Evangelistic Meetings in Chicago

Chicago has been a city of wonderful activities during the past six months. We do not know that anything like the evangelistic enterprise of Mr. Moody in connection with the Exposition has ever been seen before, and, indeed, we imagine that no other man would ever have dreamed of opening evangelistic services side by side with the most absorbing secular exhibition which has ever been known. But while others have been exhibiting material things, and while various Congresses have been in session, Mr. Moody has conducted one of the most remarkable series of religious meetings which has been known even in his unique ministry. Even through the heat of the summer crowds have thronged to these services. On the last Sunday in August sixty-five meetings were held in about thirty-five different places, with an aggregate attendance of over fifty-one thousand people. The wisdom of Mr. Moody in the selection of his preachers has been most noticeable. He has limited himself to no school and no denomination. Liberals and conservatives alike have by him been invited to assist. Among those who have preached are the Rev. Dr. Stocker, the Court preacher of Germany, the Rev. Dr. Robertson and the Rev. John McNeil, of Scotland, Henry Varley, of London, the Rev. Dr. Wharton, of Baltimore, Drs. Lyman Abbott and A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, Professor Drummond, and many others of equal prominence. The meetings from the first have been strong, and Mr. Moody, in view of the wonderful success of his summer campaign, might well say, as he recently did: "I have the conviction that this country is ripe for one of the greatest religious movements it has ever seen. In our great prosperity many of us have forgotten God, and the present time of business depression, disappointment, and suffering is bringing men to realize their need of Jesus Christ. I am looking for a great movement throughout the country this coming fall and winter."

The Brotherhood of Christian Unity at Chicago

The Brotherhood of Christian Unity was fully represented at the recent Parliament of Religions, and its genial founder was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the object of the cause in which he is so enthusiastic. No resolutions were passed at the Parliament, and yet various representative members signed the following declaration as individuals:

Chicago, September, 1893.

Feeling it desirable to crystallize, and as far as possible to perpetuate, the remarkable spirit of unity which has characterized the World's Parliament of Religions, we herewith give our approval of the formula of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity as a suitable bond with which to begin the federation of the world upon a Christian basis. The formula is as follows:

"For the purpose of uniting with all who desire to serve God and their fellow-men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself as a member of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity."

Among those whose names are appended to the above are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. John H. Barrows, Dr. George Dana Boardman, the Archbishop of Zante, Dr. E. E. Hale, Dr. A. W. Momerie, Julia Ward Howe, Bishop J. H. Vincent, and twenty or thirty others of the most prominent delegates to the Parliament. The Brotherhood of Christian Unity has two aims: First, it supplies through its enrollment a basis upon which all who desire to follow Christ in serving God and their fellow-men may constitute a recognized Brotherhood in any part of the world; second, the formula is a bond of union for practical work in any city, town, or community. It is proposed to organize everywhere societies under the title of "Christian Citizens' League." These Leagues will undertake every form of effort that requires co-operation of all the moral and spiritual forces of a community. The subject of Christian union is in the air, and is being promoted by a thousand agencies, not the least of which is this Brotherhood.

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The Evangelical Alliance Meetings

From a Special Correspondent

Two words may suggest the spirit of the Alliance meetings at Chicago, just closed—insight and outlook. The past has not been overlooked, but has been regarded gratefully as bringing the organization to a vantage-ground where it pauses to polish its tools and reorganize its forces, revise and reconsecrate its motive-power. Such a gathering is not merely the inspirer of spiritual progress in the future—it is the expression of the available spiritual force of the present. Its Secretary, in writing of a "new era," not only indicates its principles and inspires the action which must advance them—he records a distinct gain in Christian purpose and method, which makes its principles acceptable, its inspiration possible, its action effectual. The Alliance has rescued the noblest of catholic terms—Evangelical—from the grasp of a limited school of theological expression, and, without sacrificing one iota of the essential truth implied in the term, developed it into its legitimate extension until it includes human society and extends its influence over the bodies, intellect, and souls of men.

In pursuance of this new impulse, the Congress reviewed the religious conditions of Protestant Christendom, the Revs. T. Macartney, Grant, and Bracq speaking for Australasia, Canada, and France; Count Bernstorff and Lord Kinnaird for Germany and Great Britain; Colonel Nepsen for the Netherlands; Professors Ofterdal and Naville for Scandinavia and Switzerland; the Rev. Drs. Prochet and Carroll for Italy and the United States. Religious liberty in its relations to national and human progress, and the Church in its relations to municipal government, were the next great topics considered, and were treated largely as referring to great masses of men. Dr. Parkhurst presented his view of Christian bodies as they must deal in the future with municipal administration. The evolution of society through Christianity was another large subject treated by Professor Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. But, important as were all and noticeable as was their breadth of treatment, there was an enthusiasm when "Christian Union and Co-operation" was the subject of the day, which showed that the heart of the people was in these movements. The Alliance has stood for a certain kind of union among Christians, but, if we are correct, its speakers in the past felt a contented acquiescence in the divisions of Protestantism, but sought for a union of heart and Christian sentiment in a spiritual region above the denominational barriers which were recognized as necessary and desirable. This sentimental union was a great step for Christians, but was too far above the cognizance of the world to take the place of that real and visible unity which was to be the witness to the world of the revelation of God in Christ. To-day in the Alliance meetings the cry goes up for corporate union, and for all such adjustments and unions of practical effort as make for it, such as interdenominational comity and co-operation; the one man who suggests denominational rivalry as a motive for Christian effort is barely tolerated, while the Rev. H. S. Bliss, of Brooklyn, emphasizes the universal belief when he says, "If Protestantism does not become more united and more spiritual during the next few years it is gone," and the Rev. Dr. Tompkins, of St. James's Church, Chicago, is applauded to the echo when he says, "It is nonsense and wickedness longer to tolerate disunion," and urges daily prayer and daily work that unity may come in our time and hour.

Notable papers on Co-operation were by President W. DeW. Hyde, Dr. A. T. Pierson, and Dr. McCosh. A fine paper from Dr. Schaff, on the influence of the Alliance in the reunion of Christendom, was followed by one on organic union from Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe. This catholic scholar makes a noticeable point in pleading that the Episcopal Church, in its overtures toward corporate reunion, looked over a wider field than was at that time visible to other Protestant bodies. These latter have objected to the holding to some form of the Historic Episcopate as an essential to reunion, but, in the opinion of the Bishop, the Episcopal Church was divinely guided to work for the reunion of Christendom, and it is only along lines of ancient and Apostolic order that the mother Churches of the East, the Roman communion, and modern Protestant bodies can be united into one great, visible, all-conquering Body of Christ. "In the interest of such union," says the Bishop, "who will speak of sacrifices?" Each should say, "I am ready to be offered," and to give up systems of theology (with due submission to catholic truth), prayer-books, articles, human creeds—all can be subordinated if a perishing world may but see the witness of the united Church to Christ, and, seeing, believe on him.

Turning to the section Conferences, we find that on each day several bodies of specialists and learners met to discuss the most practical and detailed plans for social reform, and the relation of the Church to each. In all the same principle, that it is the place of the Church to inspire and renovate social conditions and lead social progress, guided the discussions as to how the Church could best do this work. Athletics, public baths, house-to-house visitation, the use of churches during week-days, stereopticon sermons, parish-houses—that of St. Bartholomew's, New York, being taken as a type—tent work, factory town improvement, and the efforts of such societies as the St. Andrew's Brotherhood and the Y. P. S. C. E., were all classed together, whether for the service of mind, soul, or body, as "evangelistic." Upon the subject of the Church and social reform, addresses were delivered from a standpoint impossible before the advent of such societies as the American Institute of Christian Sociology, and of such Christian economists as Professors Ely, George D. Herron, and John R. Commons.

The two addresses of the latter, one on the deep-reaching social and physiological causes of intemperance, and the other on society as the subject of redemption, we cannot pass by. "It is the duty of the hour," says this new teacher in the realm of Christian science, "not to pick out a few souls for salvation, but gradually to develop all that is highest in every son of man." The divisions under which Professor Commons treated the great questions of the Church as to political reforms were, "What part have politics in the salvation of the world? Why do politics fail in their mission? How can they be made the instruments of social reform? and, What should be the attitude of the Church toward politics?" He showed how their treatment should be scientific and fundamental, and not sentimental and empirical.

Organized Charity, Tenement-House Reform, Manual Training, Social Settlements, and Educational Agencies were but a few of the practical movements for the regeneration of humanity that occupied the sectional Conferences. The Rev. Willard Parsons, of the "Tribune," represented Fresh-Air Funds; Miss Grace Dodge, "Girls' Clubs;" Miss Addams, of Hull House, Women's Settlements; Sister Dora, the Methodist Deaconess Work. Dr. Rainsford spoke of Workingmen, and the Rev. Drs. Paton and Wenner of the Inner Missions of England and Germany, giving the Christian social developments of work in those lands. From the work of the Ruhe haus and the Brotherhood trained for service in criminal reform in the latter country, come many of the ideas we are working into the service of social reform here.

The Conferences on Theological Education, conducted by the Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., did not neglect to emphasize the necessity of sociological training for the ministry.

The closing session abounded with suggestions for a new hold of Christianity over social forces. The Rev. C. A. Dickinson told how the Institutional Church follows the plan of the Incarnation, secularizing Christianity as the coming of the divine into human nature secularized Deity; and such secularization of religion means the millennium. Materialistic tendencies can be avoided by having more of the "living creature" within the wheels—not less machinery, but more steam. Such a church, working through a plurality of workers, costs no more than many a fashionable pew church. The present courses of social economics in the seminaries should furnish many leaders, even for the daily ministrations of its complex organism. The church fulfills its mission when it serves as school and hospice; it refutes error by actualizing service, and defeats the world by blessing it.

Professor R. T. Ely, President of the Social Christian Union, took high ground for the Church in labor movements. The one solid foundation of the labor movement is Christianity, and if the Church of the Carpenter, who, at the outset of his ministry, proclaimed that the benefits of the higher conditions of citizenship were for all, will fulfill the will of its Master, it must control the social movements of the day. The Church must do this work or be overwhelmed; but her motive will be love. Loving the masses, a true Church will control because she is learned. Learning is absolutely essential; ardor alone will never accomplish the work. Ethical systems alone are insufficient, but if the Church is accepted an ethical system must be accepted with it. Apart from Christianity it does not appear *why* you should love your neighbor, or work for him; besides, the struggling masses require, not merely an ethical system, but a leader, a guide, a goal of centralization, nor without such an organization as the Church can the fidelity of workers be assured. It is said that all successful institutions have been captured by the rich. This must be no longer true of the Church. Workingmen seeking a completer citizenship must in all lands rise and capture the Church, and the Church, so successful in her work of individual salvation, must become the leader in the mighty social reform movements agitating society. The workers of the Evangelical Alliance listened, finally, to the Rev. George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President of Iowa College. "The Historical Evolution of the Kingdom of God" was no unfit parting word even to the men and women who from day to day for quite a month have listened to the social and religious master builders, teachers, and spiritual prophets of the great City of God.

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Books and Authors

American History from an English Standpoint[1]

Professor Goldwin Smith always writes with a trenchant pen, but he has never written anything so incisive in style and so interesting in the points of view taken and the judgment of men and things as his essay (for such it is) of three hundred pages on the United States, the scope of which is already well described in its sub-title as an "Outline of Political History." The judgment of foreign countries, Matthew Arnold used to say, is the judgment of posterity, and the judgment of an intelligent foreign observer always carries very great weight. Such an observer is able to see events, institutions, and men in a truer perspective than he who lives close beside them or under their shadow. Moreover, there is something wholesome in the dispassionate, or, to be more exact, the critical, spirit in which a foreign observer almost invariably approaches the institutions of another country.

In this volume Professor Smith has compressed the pith and the characteristics of American political history from 1492 to 1871. He touches only the most salient and important features of that history, and, by sinking the detail out of sight, brings into a bold perspective those events and those characteristics which, on the whole, appear to have been most influential. He believes in democracy, but he is no optimist with regard to its past history or its immediate prospects. He "regards the American Commonwealth as the greatest achievement of his race," but he does not for a moment shut his eyes to its obvious defects. A historical essay, conceived in a philosophical spirit, and written with constant brilliancy of generalization and picturesqueness of characterization, describes this volume. The book is so condensed that it breeds epigrams on every page, and many of these epigrams are admirable in their insight and picturesque quality. There are five chapters, of which the first treats of the colonial period, and describes rapidly, but with great clearness and force, the characteristics of the different colonies in the northern, middle, and southern parts of the country. The second treats of the revolutionary period. The third and fourth contain a survey of the history of the country from Washington's administration to the Civil War, with special reference to the victory of the democratic idea and to the contest between slavery and freedom. The fifth and last chapter is devoted to the epoch of rupture and reconstruction.

The book is written, so to say, without gloves, and deals with the ideals of American history with an extremely free hand—so free at times that it seems sacrilegious, and in some cases undoubted injustice is done to the motives of men and of parties. On the whole, however, the book is discriminating and just, as the thoughtful man finds when he dispassionately considers Professor Smith's conclusions; but it is a book written in a critical rather than in a sympathetic mood, and Americans are so accustomed to the sympathetic, not to say optimistic, mood in writers who treat their own history or institutions, that the critical mood at first seems to carry with it a certain disparagement. The most brilliant parts of the book are its characterizations of public men, often extremely pointed, incisive, and vital. Jackson, for instance, Mr. Smith describes as "the Congressman from Tennessee, of gaunt frame and grim aspect, with elf locks hanging over his face and his hair tied behind in an eelskin, and so hot in temper that when he tried to speak his utterance was choked by passion."

> Jackson, although he had once been in Congress, and had vented his jealous spleen on Washington, was a fighter, with an iron will and great powers of command, ill educated, destitute of the knowledge and the habits of a statesman, with an uncontrolled temper, and almost as much swayed by passion as any Indian chief, though, like many an Indian chief, he could bear himself with dignity and even with grace. That he had beaten the British at New Orleans was his title to the headship of the nation. . . . But a greater force even than that of military renown was bearing on Andrew Jackson to the Presidency. Hitherto the Republic had not been democratic. The common people had been content with their votes, and had left government to an aristocracy of intellect drawn largely from the bar. But they desired to govern. They were beginning to suspect that they were fooled by intellect, and to wish to see one of themselves in power. Andrew Jackson was one of themselves; he was not only the old hero, but "Old Hickory," a plain, honest man who would govern by a good homely rule, sweep away abuses, and see that no more tricks were played by superior cunning upon the people. To rule, a multitude must be incarnate in a man, and the American multitude was incarnate in Andrew Jackson.

One of the best character-studies in the book is that of Thomas Jefferson, who, in the judgment of Professor Smith, has left a deeper impression on the people of America than any other of our statesmen, and concerning whom he says:

> Their political ideas and hopes, their notions about their own destiny and the part which they are to play in the drama of humanity, have been his. . . . Yet with all his outward simplicity the Virginian magnate and man of letters, though he might be a Republican, could not in himself be a true embodiment of democracy. He was the friend of the people, but not one of them. From him to the rough warrior of Tennessee, the hard-cider-drinking pioneer of Ohio, and the rail-splitter of Illinois, there was still a long road to be traveled. . . . Jefferson's wand was the pen. Yet he is strangely apt to fall into mixed metaphors and even into platitudes. This address [the inaugural] has not escaped criticism. A constellation goes before the people and guides their steps. In the sequel the constellation becomes a creed, a text, a touchstone, and should the people wander from their "touchstone" they are conjured to "retrace their steps and regain the road." In the genius of a man who made so vast an impression on such a nation we must believe, yet it is sometimes an exercise of faith to believe in the genius of Jefferson for anything but party management and personal fascination.

Professor Smith almost forsakes the critical attitude when he comes to Lincoln, the secret of whose character he seems to have penetrated, and to have perceived, therefore, that he was dealing with one of the greatest men of his time. Rarely has the great President been better described than in these few words:

> Abraham Lincoln is assuredly one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. This destined chief of a nation in its most perilous hour was the son of a thriftless and wandering settler, bred in the most sordid poverty. . . . He had a strong and eminently fair understanding, with great powers of patient thought which he cultivated by the study of Euclid. In all his views there was a simplicity which had its source in the simplicity of his character. . . . Both as an advocate and as a politician he was "honest Abe." As an advocate he would throw up his brief when he knew that his case was bad. . . . He said himself that he had not controlled events, but had been guided by them. To know how to be guided by events, however, if it is not imperial genius, is practical wisdom. Lincoln's goodness of heart, his sense of duty, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his long-suffering, his simplicity, were never disturbed either by power or by opposition. . . . To the charge of levity no man could be less open. Though he trusted in Providence, care for the public and sorrow for the public calamities filled his heart and sat visibly upon his brow. His state papers are excellent, not only as public documents, but as compositions, and are distinguished by their depth of human feeling and tenderness from those of other statesmen. He spoke always from his own heart to the heart of the people. His brief funeral oration over the graves of those who had fallen in the war is one of the gems of the language.

This volume, like Carlyle's "French Revolution," ought to be read only by those who are already familiar with the facts of history discussed. It assumes a considerable knowledge of that history on the part of the reader, and then proceeds to generalize it in successive epochs, and to trace the large lines of its movement. One feature of the book which has the greatest interest for American readers is the discussion of the difficulties out of which arose the Revolutionary War. Professor Smith finds political consistency in the policy of neither party, but he is in fundamental antagonism to the entire position of England regarding her colonies, and in fundamental agreement with the colonists, not in the grounds of their revolt, but

[1] *The United States: An Outline of Political History, 1492–1871.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co., New York.

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in the fact. His account of the Civil War is remarkably clear and sympathetic. The latter quality is well illustrated by his statement that "in intelligence no army, except perhaps the Athenian, can ever have equaled or approached that of the North." This brilliant comment of a liberal Englishman on the history and institutions of this country is of the utmost value to Americans, who will not be repelled by its occasional harshness, by its occasional injustice, but who will be materially helped to a juster conception of the results of American civilization, and who will be immensely entertained and interested by the vivacity and freshness with which the comment is made. Professor Smith has fallen into several historical errors which ought to be corrected in another edition. It is to be hoped that the extraordinary popularity which this volume has secured will induce the author to fulfill his promise of preparing a companion volume dealing in the same spirit with recent history and the questions of the hour.

A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church, by Oliver J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), bears out its title well. The book is merely a "sketch," and of a familiar epoch. The spirit of the author is indicated by the facts that the book is dedicated to Professor Harnack, and that Schürer and Hatch are among his trusted authorities. The book is designed, we should judge, primarily for lay readers, but it will also give the theological student, in a compact form, the most important elements in an epoch of development probably the most fruitful and momentous in the religious history of mankind. The author does not discuss theology; he writes as a historian, not as a theologian. But the history which he records makes short work of some popular ecclesiastical theories. If, for instance, the twelve Apostles were not leaders in the Apostolic age, if they represented a formal, legal, and Jewish conception which would have been fatal to the future of the Church, if its missionary and aggressive spirit was outside the Apostolic circle, and the Church made its way in spite of them, not because of them, what becomes of the doctrine of Apostolical succession? For ourselves, we would prefer to be a successor to Paul the missionary, who boasts that he did not receive ordination from the Apostles, than from James the Jerusalem pontiff. Again, if at Pentecost the Spirit was given to all the multitude, if the distinguishing characteristic of that day was that a gift before confined to a few, and conferred only through appointed channels, was henceforth to be the equal privilege of all believers, what becomes of the doctrine of a continued mediatorial priesthood, through whom the grace of God is piped and conduited for the ages? Or, yet again, if *diakonos*, or deacon, originally meant, not an officer of any kind, but merely a helper, any helper, in the church, and presbyter meant, not an officer of any kind, but only one of the older men in the church-community, and only gradually, out of the energy displayed by some helpers, functions were devolved upon them, and, out of respect paid to the counsels of the more aged, an office, first of counselor, then of ruler, was evolved—what becomes of the long dispute on the question whether there were three or only two orders in the primitive Church? In fact, at the beginning, there were no orders at all. Or, yet again, if originally the Lord's Supper was taken at the close of the family meal, what becomes of the ecclesiastical requirement that it be taken fasting, or, for that matter, of the ecclesiastical doctrine that it is a church ordinance, necessarily confined to the church and a necessary feature of the church? Or, yet again, if no importance was attached to the person performing baptism, and if the Trinitarian formula was never used, what becomes of the post-Apostolic importance attached to that rite as a necessary part of the ecclesiastical organization and a condition prerequisite to being enrolled in the church? These questions will naturally suggest themselves to the reader of this book, who, if he accepts Professor Thatcher's statements as historically accurate—and of their general accuracy we entertain no doubt—will perhaps be surprised to find how little real Apostolic authority there is for many things in the churches, some of which at least are maintained to-day, not on the ground that they are spiritually advantageous to modern Christians—a ground on which they might perhaps be successfully defended—but on the untenable ground that they date from Apostolic days and have the sanction of Apostolic custom if not of Apostolic law.

A Question of Honor, by Lynde Palmer (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is more than a well-written story; it contains elements of dramatic power and insight that promise possibilities of a higher achievement in fiction than the author has yet attempted. It is evident that she is feeling her way, and, with a wise and careful discrimination, pressing into service the development of a gift which, in the hands of one endowed with the pure aims she discloses, is a rarer possession than might at first appear. But "A Question of Honor" has a distinct merit of its own, apart from its indication of an unfolding talent for more ambitious work. The title is attractive, and introduces us to a set of incidents and characters that grow more attractive under the charm of a sympathetic pen. Emerson's sage counsel to idealize the common life by hitching your wagon to a star is made concrete in the working out of the life purposes and problems of "the Page boys" and their "little brother" Dorothy, as, boy-like, her comrades style their diminutive sweetheart, who, unbeknown to them, is predestined to use such sweet influence in the formation of their youthful careers. The characteristics which bubble up amid the exploits of these mirth-making, mischief-loving children take shape in their young lives as the wheel of life presses sorely on them in its mad whirl and leaves its inevitable stamp while bringing into existence their individual qualities. They grow from childhood to years of maturity and wisdom under our eyes, wearing the veritable likeness of life; indeed, this power in the author to follow the evolution of character from its incipient stages to fruition is an evidence that she may yet write novelist to her name. The graphic and trenchant exposure of Schuyler's self-deception in "the question of honor" which is raised in his mind by serious reflections in clear, sane moments after the act has been done, is a keen and scathing criticism of an unprincipled and unscrupulous commercial enterprise that obtains largely in our haste to overtake material ends; and for this reason we commend it to that large majority of readers who have still in their possession "the initiative of youth."

It has been the dream of many to produce a wholly unbiased commentary on Holy Scripture, and the ambition is laudable, if not absolutely feasible. The author of *The Gospel and the Kingdom: A Study of the Four Gospels*, has essayed to compose a comment of interpretation which should ignore dogmatic interpretations and hostile criticisms, and it is a matter of vast surprise that he has succeeded in writing down so little that is valueless as he has included in these three volumes. In point of fact, the writer, whoever he be, has not altogether emancipated himself from the commentators of the past, but has rather freely availed himself of their conclusions and scholarship. The result is that this paraphrase (for such is the form of the composition) of the Gospel story is not without the scholarship which the author, in either modesty or a mistaken notion of "the Bible without note or comment," virtuously repudiates. There is much that is suggestive and daring in his comments on the sacraments, but it will hardly please any who are attached to traditional theories of sacramental grace. The true and underlying purpose of this curious and stimulating paraphrase is the unification of religious thought. For this reason, if for no other, we welcome the book and condone its crudities—and they are many. The fundamental idea is a true and precious one, deserving of sympathy and recognition from all earnest truth-seekers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

It is, we presume, in the current of the irony of things that Hegel, who was the philosophic father of modern evolutionism, should be ignored by most of the evolutionists. This, no doubt, is due to the somewhat repellent form under which the philosopher chose to couch his teachings. The Hegelians of the new school are now interested in the endeavor to translate Hegel's system into the terms of modern thought and expression of thought. In this movement a new name is coming to the front—that of David G. Ritchie, of Oxford. In his *Darwin and Hegel, with Other Philosophical Studies* (Macmillan & Co., New York), Mr. Ritchie tries to reconcile the underlying philosophy of present-day materialism with the idealistic metaphysics of Hegel. This purpose is applied to the fundamentals in the first four essays—"Origin and Validity," "Darwin and Hegel," "What is Reality?" and "On Plato's Phædo." The remaining five chapters carry the author's theory into the realm of politics and economics, and illustrate the application of "idealistic evolutionism" to the solution of social problems. It is too soon to compare this writer with the late Thomas Hill Green, but we can say at least this, that he is clearer in his style and more intelligible to common flesh. The notes, which here and there criticise the utterance of contemporaries, are what might be described as refreshingly aromatic.

We take pleasure in announcing the publication by the Fleming H. Revell Company, of New York, of the second edition, revised and enlarged, of the Rev. Dr. D. R. Breed's *History of the Preparation of the World for Christ*. Although this is not a learned or brilliant work, Dr. Breed presents in a way which

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may be agreeable to readers some of the results of recent archæological exploration, and, in a rapid way, runs over the main lines of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman history where they impinge upon the history of Israel. If we were to criticise this book, we should be forced to find fault with its sins of omission rather than with those of commission. Had Dr. Breed read his Ewald, his "Records of the Past," his Egyptian Exploration Fund Reports, his Palestinian Exploration Fund Reports, his Bunsen, his Schrader, his Rawlinson, and other perfectly accessible works, which doubtless he has consulted, because a perusal of them is obviously necessary to the compilation of a book of this sort, he would have added a larger number of curious and valuable data which demonstrate in a wonderful manner the preparation of the world for Christ.

Mr. Walter Camp is the best known of Yale's "all-round" athletes. He has held high honors at football, baseball, and track athletics. Both as undergraduate and as graduate coach his opportunities for studying the theories of outdoor sports have been quite unusual. Moreover, he writes good, clear, nervous English, and has the gift of communicating his love of manly exercise and stimulating contests to his readers. *Walter Camp's Book of College Sports* gives almost equal attention to football, baseball, track sports, and rowing. Elucidation of the fine points of the games, advice to young players, interesting reminiscences of famous contests of the past, hints on training, and a great variety of other matters of interest to players and onlookers, are presented lucidly. The book is well printed and carefully illustrated. It will find many thousands of eager students among college "men" and school boys. It ought to be added that not only in direct injunctions but in the whole tone and spirit of the book are to be found constant pleas for fairness, generosity, and manliness in sport. (The Century Company, New York.)

With Thackeray in America. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Mr. Eyre Crowe, the author of this book, accompanied Thackeray as secretary and amanuesis on his American tour. Mr. Crowe made a series of sketches of odd and characteristic things as they struck his eye on their rapid journeys from city to city, and these sketches, now reproduced, form the main interest of the book. They are odd enough, often bordering on caricature. By them are resurrected bits of old-time American men and things—Theodore Parker in his pulpit, Horace Greeley at work (not a good likeness), public stages on runners in Broadway, Bowery boys, volunteer firemen, "coasting" in Boston, table-turning, a slave market, etc., etc. The text has less of Thackeray and more of the trivialities of travel than one could wish.

Miss Louise Knight Wheatley's *Ashes of Roses* is a light but very pretty love-story, gracefully told, and its interest is skillfully sustained in spite of the fact that the thread of the plot is somewhat attenuated. Although very different from Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's "Echo of Passion," there is a certain similarity between the two stories, not in idea or in treatment, but in the delicacy with which the theme is handled. Miss Wheatley discloses here and there evidences of being in the apprenticeship stage of writing, but she possesses many of the qualities which are likely to make her successful. She has freshness, sentiment, and a good style. She has chosen in this novel a difficult subject, and she has managed it with a great deal of skill. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—The Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, England, whose delightful book of "Memories" was noticed in The Outlook not long ago, is to visit this country after Easter.

—Dr. Thomas Cushing, of Boston, has reprinted in pamphlet form his very interesting account of "Undergraduate Life Sixty Years Ago" which appeared in the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine" for July of the current year.

—One child of Theodore Hook survives, a daughter, who is grievously poor. Another daughter died some years ago in abject poverty, just about the time, it is said, that a public sale was held at which one of Hook's chairs was purchased for a considerable sum.

—The first volume of Professor C. E. Norton's edition of the works of George William Curtis will contain orations and addresses on the principles and character of American institutions and the duties of American citizens. The other three volumes will contain other political papers, with historical and literary addresses.

—A course of six lectures on "The Westward Growth of the United States during the Revolutionary War" will be given by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt at Columbia College, in Room 11, Library Building, on successive Saturdays, at eleven o'clock in the morning, beginning Saturday, October 21, 1893. A limited number of tickets for the course will be issued to persons not students on payment of $5. Application should be made to the Secretary of the President, Columbia College.

—Mrs. Erving Winslow, whose charming qualities as an interpreter of the drama are well known, and Mr. Richard Burton, whose work both in prose and verse has often appeared in the columns of The Outlook, are to give in several cities a joint lecture and reading course during the present winter—Mr. Burton to make an introductory comment on such subjects as the Elizabethan Drama, the Eighteenth-Century Drama, and the Modern Drama, and Mrs. Winslow to follow with readings from representative contributors to these various epochs of the English drama.

Books Received

AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK
James, Edmund J. Education of Business Men in Europe.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
McKinley, William. Speeches and Addresses. $2.
Knox, Thomas W. John Boyd's Adventures. $1.50.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. The Boys of Greenway Court. $1.50.
Dowson, Ernest, and Arthur Moore. A Comedy of Masks. $1.
Eggleston, Edward. Duffels. $1.25.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
Broadus, John A., D.D. A Harmony of the Gospels. $1.50.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Gilman, Bradley. The Musical Journey of Dorothy and Delia. $1.25.
Yechton, Barbara. Ingleside. $1.25.
Bolton, Sarah K. Famous Voyagers and Explorers. $1.50.

DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO., BOSTON
Etheridge, Mary Lee. Dick and Joe; or, Two of a Kind. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK
Some Old Puritan Love-Letters—John and Margaret Winthrop—1618-1638 Edited by Joseph H. Twichell. $2.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON
Savage, M. J. Jesus and Modern Life. $1.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK
Bradford, Rev. Amory H., D.D. The Pilgrim in Old England. $2.
The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony. Compiled by the Rev. William Pittenger. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Hapgood, Olive C. School Needlework. 85 cts.
Collar, William C., and M. G. Daniell. The Beginner's Greek Composition. 95 cts.
Bryan, Enoch A. The Mark in Europe and America. $1.10.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Hazard, Caroline. Thomas Hazard, Son of Robert, Called College Tom. $2.
Thoreau, Henry David. A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. $1.50.
Thoreau, Henry David. Walden; or, Life in the Woods. $1.50.
Morse, Lucy G. Rachel Stanwood. $1.25.
Jewett, Sarah O. A Native of Winby, and Other Tales. $1.25.
Howard, Blanche Willis. No Heroes. 75 cts.
Longfellow, Henry W. The Hanging of the Crane, and Other Poems of the Home. $1.50.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS, BALTIMORE
Scaife, Walter B. Florentine Life During the Renaissance.

LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN, NEW YORK
Tuell, Hiram, and H. N. Fowler. First Book in Latin. $1.
Velleius Paterculus. Book II. Edited by F. E. Rockwood. $1.
The Philoctetes of Sophocles. Edited by F. P. Graves. $1.
Bartol, W. C. The Elements of Solid Geometry. 75 cts.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Yanko the Musician, and Other Stories. $1.25.
The World's Best Hymns. Compiled by Louis K. Harlow. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO, NEW YORK
Dougall, L. What Necessity Knows. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO, NEW YORK
Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXVI. $3.75.
Fielding, Henry. Amelia. Edited by George Saintsbury. 3 Vols. $3.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and His Friends. A Series of Twenty-five Portraits and Frontispiece in Photogravure from the Negatives of Mrs. Julia M. Cameron and H. H. Hay Cameron. Reminiscences by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, with Introduction by H. H. Hay Cameron. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) $35.

DAVID M'KAY, PHILADELPHIA
In re Walt Whitman. Edited by Horace L. Traubel, Richard M. Bucke, Thomas B. Harned. $2.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Freeman, Edward A. Studies of Travel. Greece and Italy. 2 Vols. 75 cts. each.
Gatty, Mrs. Alfred. Parables from Nature. 2 Vols. $1.75 each.
Literary Gems. Fifth Series. 75 cts. each.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Howell, Frederick W. W. Icelandic Pictures. $3.20.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. Namesakes. $1.50.
Walton, Mrs. O. F. Nemo; or, The Wonderful Door. $1.
Hopkins, Mark, LL.D. Modern Skepticism in its Relations to Young Men. 25 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Memoirs of Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantès. An Autobiography. 4 Vols. $10.
Du Chaillu, Paul. Ivar, the Viking. $1.50.
Munroe, Kirk. The White Conquerors. $1.25.
Wilson, Woodrow. *An Old Master, and Other Political Essays.* $1.
The Sunny Days of Youth. By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married." $1.25.
Church, James R. University Football. $1.25.
Page, Thomas Nelson. Meh Lady. $1.50.
Linton, W. J. Life of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Imported.) $1.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, BOSTON
Horton, Edward A. Noble Lives and Noble Deeds.

JOHN D. WATTLES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Trumbull, H. Clay. A Lie Never Justifiable. $1.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Rand, Rev. Edward A. The Mill at Sandy Creek. $1.25.
Browne, T. M. Under the Live Oaks. $1.
Saintsbury, George. A Calendar of Verse. $1.25.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK
Poynter, H. May. Scarlet Town. 40 cts.
Jones, Rev. Harry. Dogs I Have Known. 25 cts.
Milman, Helen (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton). Of High and Low Degree. 60 cts.
Gilliat, Edward. Velveteens. $1.
Smith, Catharine E. Our Nell. 40 cts.
Moore, F. Frankfort. From the Bush to the Breakers. $1.50.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

"What Theosophy Is"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Under this heading, Mrs. Annie Besant has presented, in an article in your issue of October 14, 1893, a short but comprehensive statement concerning "the Esoteric Philosophy." As ordinarily described, this so-called system of religion is the dreariest waste imaginable; under Mrs. Besant's light yet potent touch, fountains gush forth from the desert, flowers bloom, a beautiful transformation is effected—in about two thousand words. It takes genius to accomplish such results.

Certain statements made in the article referred to are somewhat startling to one who attempts to verify them. Thus, Mrs. Besant says, concerning Theosophy, that "the thing covered by the name antedates the most ancient of the nations known to Western man." Undoubtedly some idea of "religion"—undefined and perhaps undefinable—is as old as the human race. But to claim that the doctrines which Theosophy includes are thus hoary with antiquity is indeed interesting to a student of modern and Western science. For, with marvelous ingenuity, Mme. Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett have managed to interweave with certain ancient Buddhistic ideas an extreme phase of modern materialistic evolution—tinged with spiritualism. So closely is warp woven with woof that both are essentially of the same carpet. To have information direct from astral spheres that materialistic evolution has been taught from the year 4000 B.C.—or further back—down to our own time, is indeed an item of news "interesting if true."

"The thing covered by the name" includes other doctrines, concerning which it is certainly surprising to hear such claims for antiquity. If only some records could be brought from the mountain fastnesses of Thibet, and published from the Mahatmas and for the enlightenment of the lower Western races, giving definite proof that somebody, at least a thousand years ago, believed anything at all approaching to the conglomeration of ideas "covered by the name" Theosophy, the claim as to the antiquity of this system would be worth investigation. Undoubtedly some thoughts concerning religion, imbedded in the Vedic writings of the far past, are included in the Theosophic presentations of the present. But to say that "the thing covered by the name antedates" other religious beliefs, and so may rightly claim the reverence due to antiquity, is mere childishness of assertion, without either proof or expectation of acceptance.

Mrs. Besant confidently affirms concerning Theosophy that it "demonstrates the reality of the spiritual life." We should be glad to have it demonstrated—even by a Theosophist. But the kind of spiritual life that it "demonstrates" is something hardly satisfactory. The chilly astral life that it asserts, the final absorption into Nirvana—a vague something, which is nothing, assumed without proof—the "conscious rest in Omniscience" that Mr. Sinnett teaches as the final goal of the spiritualized being, is hardly a satisfactory answer to the innate longings of the human soul. And the authority of an elusive Mahatma, whom "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard," is insufficient evidence of such "things unseen."

A system of philosophy like Theosophy, which makes spirit and matter but the "dual aspect of the one eternal substance," and then makes that "one eternal substance" the only approach to any idea of God that the religion contains, is both foolish and Godless. It is philosophic nonsense thus to identify matter and spirit; in spite of modern materialist assertion, mankind instinctively rejects the idea. To claim that a stone is only a soul in an early stage of development is indeed an astral sublimation of thought.

The so-called proof of the whole system of Theosophy rests upon the existence and testimony of Mahatmas, men "who have quickened the slow processes of natural evolution by strenuous efforts, resolute will, long-continued and loving self-abnegation." But cold criticism must refuse to accept the existence of such creatures, or at least to believe in their taking such part on earth, until better evidence is adduced than has thus far been presented. It is not sufficient to present to mankind in general the proofs that convinced the credulous Mr. Sinnett. Mme. Blavatsky "rapped" herself very easily into his mind, if not around his heart. The exposure of her fraudulent spiritualistic phenomena, made by the agents of the London Society for Psychical Research, vainly denied by the Theosophical Society, is sufficient to answer all claims of Theosophy which are based upon occult phenomena. If these Mahatmas exist, as is claimed by Theosophists, they must do something better than thus far they have done before they will be cordially received by an incredulous Western world. If they exist, and "labor still for human progress," why have they been so long in telling us, and so very shadowy in their appearance, and so charlatan-like in their manifestations? We cannot help remarking to them that it would be well to seek some introduction other than through Mme. Blavatsky, if they desire successfully to "labor still for human progress"—at least so far as concerns communication with the Western world.

In the short space of her article Mrs. Besant has compressed assertion sufficient to require a volume should even partial response be attempted for all. It is, however, most interesting to see how fair a presentation may be made of matters inconceivably foolish—if only there be sufficient assumption, assertion, and assurance. But the superficial credulity of many may be trusted.

(Rev.) Anson P. Atterbury.

New York City.

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Nebraska Democrats and Free Coinage

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I write to correct an impression which the editorial in your last issue made. I did not desert the party, but called their attention to the fact that our party had always stood for bimetallism, and that if it, as a party, deserted its position, I would serve my country and my God under some other name. A majority of the Democrats in my State will not follow Mr. Cleveland on the financial question. If the dissenting members of the party would stand up and rebuke him, we might save the party; but if the members love harmony better than principle, and allow him to commit the party to his policy for fear of creating discord, there is grave danger to the party itself.

W. J. Bryan.

Committee on Ways and Means,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., October 13, 1893.

Another Nebraska Democrat, Mr. A. J. Durland, of Norfolk, writes us that the Democracy of his State has uniformly adopted a State platform against free coinage. Regarding Mr. Bryan, he says:

> The great hold of Mr. Bryan upon the younger members of the party, with the silver fever that burns Western and Southern men, has changed matters somewhat, and except for the "pull" of the Administration in the late Convention of which you speak, would probably have been sufficient to place it under Mr. Bryan's control. . . . The action of this Convention in flatly "turning down" Mr. Bryan, unfair and impolitic as it was, will result in the loss of many votes to our State ticket this fall, and will materially help to give him control of the next State Convention.

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A Defense of Lynching

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am a constant reader and a great admirer of The Outlook, and generally find it on my side of all questions. I have just read your editorial, "Shall We Burn Criminals?" Theoretically I agree with you fully, and I think that Bishop Haygood and Mr. Smith will both indorse what you say. "If the laws for the protection of womanhood are not stringent enough, they should be made more stringent. If the courts are not prompt and vigorous enough in executing them, prompter and more vigorous courts should be put in their place." True, but reforms are made slowly. What are we to do while they are being made? Again, "Southerners must themselves take up the work of negro education, and give it their sympathy and support." This they are doing to the utmost of their ability. This also takes time. Are we, in the meanwhile, to submit to outrages committed by the thousands of brutes who are beyond the reach of education? The good people of the South are diligently working in the interest of law and order, but while we have laxity in the enforcement of laws, it is impossible to prevent the people from taking the law into their own hands in cases of extreme aggravation. It is man's inalienable right to protect himself and his family against violence, when the arm of the law is not at hand to do it for him. It is as useless to advise the South against lynching as the North against strikes. It is a condition which brings about these evils, and they will continue until the condition is removed. To censure the parties engaged in them is a waste of breath. To censure the better class of people who are not engaged in them is gross injustice.

The outlook for the negro is not very flattering. Twenty-eight years of freedom have not improved his morals. The most industrious, peaceable, and moral of the negroes are those who were reared as slaves. As slaves they were under the direction and moral influence of their masters. As freemen, a social barrier exists between them and the whites, and this moral influence is largely absent. It will take many generations to develop among the freedmen as high a moral condition as now exists among the whites, and the negro's nature will have to be completely changed before his "unethical emotionalism" will give place to an "ethical religion." The negro problem is a hard one, and it will take time, patience, and labor, and especially time, to solve it.

J. I. D.

Lebanon, Tenn.

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The Reason of It

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I call attention briefly to a small error in the very interesting and suggestive sermon on Christian priesthood? The report in The Outlook says: "In the Episcopal Church and in the Roman Catholic Church the priest at certain parts of the service stands with his back to the people and his face to the altar; he exactly reverses the right relations. The priest is not to stand with his back to the people and his face to the altar, *as though he were carrying the needs of humanity to God;* he is to stand with his back to the altar and his face to the people, *as though he were carrying the offer of God to humanity.*"

Note, however, that in the Anglican service—I know scarcely anything of the Roman—the two positions are as exactly suited to the two principles which I have ventured to italicize as if the words of this sermon had been said previous to the arranging of the church ritual and had been made its basis. The facing the altar is precisely when the priest *is* "carrying the needs of humanity to God." The most prominent instances are the prayers "of humble access" and "of consecration" in the eucharistic office. They contain both "the needs of humanity" and—the latter—expressions of thanksgiving; in such words as these: "Most humbly beseeching Thee to grant that, by the merits and death of Thy Son, . . . we, and all Thy whole Church, may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of His passion. And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice. . . ." So speaking, with plural pronouns in the name of all present, the celebrant faces the altar, for just the reason quoted above from the sermon. He is speaking, not to the people, but for them, to the divine Father.

But there are places where the priest is "carrying the offer of God to humanity," and *then* he faces the people. A single instance may suffice to illustrate: where the celebrant of the sacrament is directed to say, *facing the people*, "Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all who truly turn to Him," and he immediately reads words from

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the Gospels, beginning, "Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy-laden."

In fine, some reason or principle governs the position and acts of the priest or other minister, according to the Book of Common Prayer, as is the case—with some small exceptions—with the standing, sitting, or kneeling of the people. HILLS.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

"Whom Shall I Send?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Of the more than a thousand islands of the Alaskan archipelago, that of St. Lawrence is of considerable size, lying close to Behring Straits, and nearly midway between America and Asia. "A few years ago," Dr. Sheldon Jackson writes, "some white traders visited the island, on schooners, and traded rum with the natives for their furs. The result was that the people were drunk much of the time when they should have been procuring food for winter; and when the long arctic winter came on, starvation and disease carried off the entire population of the island, except one village, which had escaped the general debauch. In the several villages affected, not a man, woman, or child remained to tell the horrible story. The following summer, when the revenue cutter visited the island, the unburied corpses of the whole population lay where they had fallen in their weakness. As this was a place where the census was to be taken, the captain was compelled to go over to Siberia for an interpreter. Returning, the population was found to be 272, of whom 70 were boys and 55 girls, making a school population of 122. The village contained 21 large walrus-skin-covered houses."

Taking pity on these defenseless people, the Episcopal Church established a mission here, which was manned but one year.

Later, Dr. Jackson writes: "The unoccupied mission building has been purchased by two believers in missions. As an evidence of the native honesty and regard for rights of property, this building has stood unoccupied for some years, with a small supply of coal left for the missionary, and yet all is unmolested, notwithstanding the fact that the people have almost no fuel, having to use weeds, bones of fish, and such articles to keep them from freezing. Is it likely that a building could stand under such circumstances in any civilized land? Not for one week would it be safe. And these poor people gather by the hundred around that building every year when the Bear makes its annual trip, to see if the teacher has come, and every time are disappointed, and beg that some one may be sent next year. Think of it! Waiting a whole year for the Word of Life to be sent them, and this only to be followed by disappointment each time. This in our own land—and these people yet in the darkness of heathenism, save for the little seed sown one year!"

In a letter recently published, Dr. Jackson writes thus: "On the seventeenth of June (1893), forcing the ship through the ice, we reached St. Lawrence Island. I at once went ashore and inspected the mission house and coal-pile, both of which I found in good condition and undisturbed by the natives. Again they gathered around me and asked for the teacher, and again I was compelled to put them off for another year."

And the Lord said, "Whom shall I send" to break to these starving souls the bread of life? Will not some inspired soul, touched with a "live coal from off the altar" (Is. vi., 8), reply, "Here am I; send me"?

H. E. B.

A Great Work for Woman in India

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Few people in America know the condition of a certain class of women in India. While the Christian nations are sending missionaries by the score to convert the millions of that populous Empire, the British army is systematically and persistently reducing to the vilest heathenism another large part of the population. Through the influence of Josephine Butler and her co-workers in England the terrible nature of this hideous evil has been unmasked, and it has been shown that just as regularly as provision is made for food and clothing, it is also made for ministering to the most degrading lust by collecting and maintaining women for immoral purposes. The extent and awfulness of this evil is almost beyond description, and the complicity of high military and civil officials proven beyond a doubt. Through the efforts of Mrs. Butler—one of the noblest philanthropists in the whole world—two American ladies, Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Elizabeth Andrew, have visited India for the purpose of securing further information, and their investigations have fully confirmed the worst reports of the past. They have shown that the English army is doing quite as much to degrade India as English missionaries are doing to lift it to higher civilization. These facts have at last wrung from Lord Roberts, the Commander of the English Army in India, the acknowledgment that he was mistaken in denying the existence of the awful conditions, and a practical recognition of the great value of the labors of Mrs. Andrew and Dr. Bushnell. The next step will doubtless be some reform, for the British people will not allow their army to be engaged in such a crusade of vice. The work of these Christian women cannot be too highly commended. Both of them have been connected with the W. C. T. U. in this country, while Josephine Butler, wife of the late Canon Butler, of Winchester, is the leader in the world-wide movement in behalf of social purity. No work in the world is more difficult, none more important, and no workers more worthy of the support and hearty sympathy of all Christian people. Perhaps when Mrs. Andrew and Dr. Bushnell, who have just returned to our country, are sufficiently rested, they may find some similar work to do in New York and Chicago.

*

The Armenian Question

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is an excellent suggestion, in The Outlook of October 7, that the presence of an American fleet in the Levant would do more to protect our missionaries in Turkey than any number of "diplomatic notes." Might it not be possible at the same time for the United States Government to bring to bear some decided influence upon the Porte to secure fair treatment for its native Christian subjects?

The case of the Armenians is peculiarly hard. They have been a Christian nation for more than fifteen hundred years. They have suffered endless persecution for their faith from the Persian fire-worshipers in the early centuries of the Christian era, and of late years from the Turks. The cruelties inflicted upon them are a chronic scandal in Europe, and while England and Russia have been quarreling as to which should protect them they have been practically left without protection. Hard as is the lot of the missionaries and their converts in Turkish Armenia, that of the mass of the Armenians who belong to the native Christian Church, the ancient Church of Armenia, is far worse. The Sultan is under some restraint in regard to American and European missionaries, from a wholesome fear of getting into trouble with foreign Governments; but in regard to the millions of Armenian Christians among his subjects he is under no restraint at all, and they are plundered and murdered with impunity.

An "Appeal to the Christians of America from the Christians of Armenia" has lately been published. It is signed by Armenian Christians of all denominations. It entreats Americans to help them by making known through the newspapers the extremity of their distress, and by petitioning the President of the United States to use his influence with the Sultan in their behalf. They ask only for the moderate reforms which the Turkish Government promised at the time of the Treaty of Berlin, but which it has never taken the first step toward carrying out.

Oliver Cromwell, in a speech to Parliament, once referred to Gideon's commanding his son to slay Zeba and Zalmunna, when they thought it more noble to die by the hand of a man than of a stripling; and Cromwell said: "So it is some satisfaction, if a commonwealth must perish, that it perish by men, and not by the hands of persons differing little from beasts." It is especially repugnant that a nation like the Armenians—a people remarkably intelligent, with an ancient civilization and literature, and an exceptionally pure family life—should be left to perish at the hands of stupid, brutal, and ferocious Turks. Cromwell stopped the persecution of the Vaudois, and gratitude for the act is still vivid in their valleys. Only a few years ago, in a little out-of-the-way place among those mountains, the widow of a Swiss pastor refused to take any pay from Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, who had lodged with her, because Mrs. Butler was a countrywoman of Cromwell's. It would be a good thing for the United States to take a leaf out of Cromwell's book, and do something to stop the persecution of the Armenians, whom Lamartine calls "the Swiss of the East." As Mrs. Browning well says:

Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest.

If the United States Government undertakes to do anything about Turkey, let us hope it will bring pressure to bear for the protection, not only of the missionaries, but of all the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Dorchester, Mass.

II.—Notes and Queries

1. It is so difficult for me to explain to my children how God can be everywhere at all times. Won't you simplify it, if possible, for me, and make it clear? 2. Will you recommend a book on popular amusements that treats the question fairly as to just how far a Christian may indulge in what is a diversion, in the home and outside? A MOTHER.

1. Perhaps you will find a hint by reflecting on the saying that "God is light." Light, most of all things, is omnipresent through the universe. You may also show your child, as the stars come out at evening, that they were in the sky before sunset the same as after, only unseen. So, you might suggest, is the Divine Eye ever looking upon us. 2. We have met with no fully satisfactory book of this sort. We think there is judicious counsel on the subject in Dr. Munger's book for young people, "On the Threshold."

Will you kindly state the passages in Genesis that give the hints of a pre-Adamite race, which you referred to on August 5? E. S. P.

See ch. iv., 14, 15, where Cain is in fear of enemies whom he may meet in his wanderings, and receives a "mark" for protection's sake; also, verse 17, the notice of his wife and his "city," specially the latter, founded in a country far from the abode of the Eden family. Ch. vi., 2, instead of referring to any union of angels with women, as fabled, probably refers to marriages between descendants of Adam and a non-Adamic race.

Will you oblige me by giving an idea as to what to read in order to get a fair knowledge of what "Christadelphians" teach? W. E. P.

The only reference we can give you is to Blunt's "Dictionary of Sects," etc. (Lippincott, Philadelphia). Their special tenets are said to be, that the soul is not naturally immortal, but becomes so by regeneration; the unregenerated suffer annihilation; believers reign bodily with Christ in an earthly millennium after his advent; baptism is administered by immersion, and to adults only.

Do you know of any Sunday-school which inducts its teachers into office by the formality of a public installation? W. H. B.

We do not, and would like to know if any one does.

"G. B. B.," in The Outlook for October 14, asks for the books of the Old Testament in rhyme. I inclose both the Old Testament and New Testament books in rhyme, knowing from experience that they have helped many a Sunday-school scholar to remember the books of the Bible:

"The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we often hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther, the beauteous mourner, show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter the alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then

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With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garment rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

"We love the books of Matthew,
Of Mark and Luke and John;
The life of Christ our Saviour
Is what they dwell upon.
The Acts and then the Romans,
Two Corinthians you see,
Galatians and Ephesians
Bring Christ to you and me.
Philippians and Colossians
Are next in order here.
Thessalonians and Timothy,
In twain they both appear.
Then Titus and Philemon,
And Hebrews, rich in truth,
With James and two of Peter,
Instruct all age and youth.
John writes to little children,
And gives epistles three,
While Jude discourses plainly
Of what we all should be.
The last is Revelation,
To all the nations sent.
And thus we have completed
The whole New Testament."

C. G. H.

Many other correspondents send the lines.

M. N. P.—The story of the monk who wandered off enchanted by the song of a wonderful bird, and returned after a hundred years, supposing that he had been absent only from morning till noonday, is told in verse by Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend." The same story is told in prose, with variations, in the volume "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry," at p. 222. The volume is published in the well-known "Camelot" series. The story is here said to have been written down word for word by T. C. Croker, as he heard it from an old woman at a holy well in Ireland. In this version the monk returns at evening, and finds that his departure occurred two hundred years before.

W. N. C.

The poem asked for by "M. N. P." is entitled "A Monkish Legend," and is by Phœbe Cary. The first lines run thus:

"Beautiful stories by tongue or pen
Are told of holy women and men
Who have heard entranced in some lonely cell
Things not lawful for lip to tell."

H. L. W.

"C. C. P." asks the authorship of lines recently quoted by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall in a sermon printed in The Outlook. The lines referred to conclude a poem called "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," by Mrs. Elizabeth Browning. The exact quotation is as follows:

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His Rest."

Can any of your readers tell me any thing about an American poet named Heavysege? Inquiries have been made about him of Dr. Murray, of Oxford, who in turn sought for information from one of my friends, an American student at the University, and he has put upon me the quest. D. W. Woods, Jr.

Lewistown, Pa.

The lines quoted by "A. B. C.," October 14,

"Talent is built in solitude,
Character in the stream of life,"

are from Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," Act I., Scene 2. The original reads—

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."

M. E. S.

The Future of Aluminium

Aluminium, which itself possesses a high degree of specific heat, does not readily absorb heat itself, and thus is not liable to the chief objection to iron buildings in hot countries. But, apart from light decorative purposes, such as balconies, cupolas, finials, and verandas, it is as a roofing material that aluminium should be most welcome to the builder. In plates or scales, two-thirds lighter than copper, uncorroded by air, and undimmed even by the sulphur of London smoke, it should make a roof fit for a palace of romance.

The humbler elements of health and comfort in the house, hardly less important than its external defenses against the weather—pipes, cisterns, taps, and gutters, now made of iron which rusts or lead which poisons—would be more enduring and far more healthy if made of this light and cleanly metal, which might also take the place of all water-holding vessels now made of heavy brittle earthenware or painted tin. An aluminium bath is among the probable luxuries of the next century. But it is not as a mere accessory to comfort and convenience that real development of the new metal should lie. It is for use at sea that its most marked quality of lightness obviously fits it.

The marine engineer and the naval architect, who are already looking in this direction for a reduction in the weight which is inseparable from loss of efficiency, whether in speed or cargo, cannot neglect the possibilities of a metal which, when mixed in the proportion of 1 to 50, gives to aluminium-bronze a hardness and toughness which make it almost as reliable as steel, and which, if the proportions could be reversed and the strength preserved, would reduce the weights of ships and machinery alike by two-thirds. That is a problem which awaits the metallurgists for solution. The reduction in cost, judging by analogy, can only be a question of time and research.

The best steel now costs little more than one halfpenny per pound, while aluminium is fifty times that price. But aluminium exists in far greater quantities than iron, is more widely distributed, and neither the limits of time nor the history of metallurgy forbid us to conjecture that, as the world has seen its age of stone, its age of bronze, and its age of iron, so it may before long have embarked on a new and even more prosperous era—the age of aluminium.—*The Spectator.*

A Rattlesnake's Suicide

"I have myself witnessed the deliberate suicide of a rattlesnake," says Professor Holden, of Lick University, in a magazine article recently, "and think that a brief account of it may be worth recording. In the summer of 1888 Professor Keeler saw a large rattlesnake (with seven rattles) crawl under the foundation of the dome of the six-inch equatorial. With the nice manipulation for which he is famous, Dr. Keeler fastened a pair of blacksmith's tongs about the animal's neck, and brought him into the large marble vestibule of the observatory. The snake was furious and was practically uninjured.

"After every one had seen him, it became a question what to do next. It was resolved to put him into a gallon jar of water. Dr. Keeler had the task of getting the very lively animal (which was some three feet long) into the jar, and of letting go with the tongs, while I undertook to put in the stopper of the bottle at an auspicious moment. All this was accomplished very nicely, and the next step was to drown the snake by inverting the jar at intervals. After a little while it became obvious to every one, the snake included, that the animal must soon be drowned.

"At this moment the snake ceased any attempt to rise to the surface of the water in the jar, and in the most deliberate manner struck its fangs deep into its body. I have no doubt whatever that the blow was intentional, and with suicidal purpose. It was a single, deliberate blow. There was no flurry. As far as one could see, the animal was of sound and disposing mind and memory. It had been full of fury at first, but latterly had only sought to escape from the water to the air at the top. When this became hopeless, the snake ended its own struggles. I had often heard that snakes (and scorpions) put an end to their own lives. Here is an instance which occurred before my eyes. The snake is now preserved in alcohol at the observatory, and the marks of the fangs are plainly to be seen."

The Vale of Kashmir

A correspondent of the New York "Nation" writes very entertainingly of the valley made famous by the fancy of Tom Moore:

"It suffices to mention the name of any of the better-known divisions of the world to call up in the mind of an intelligent and educated though untraveled person, by some obscure association of ideas, a fairly definite conception of the kind of scenery characteristic of the region in question; and this conception will be much the same for all sorts of men, and is a kind of international possession. The source of it is not so easily indicated, but it will, I believe, in most cases be found to take its rise in some one book wherein the spirit of the locality has been at some time enshrined. Kashmir, except as the land of shawls, is to most men the land of 'Lalla Rookh.' As Moore described it, most people conceive it to be a country of gardens and waterfalls and fair women, a country of glades and lawns and pleasant places, a land of luxury and even wantonness, the home of song and dance, where the unclouded sun is not too scorching, and fresh breezes are ever wafted from glittering hills. Unfortunately, Moore was never in Kashmir, and the country he described was a realm of his own fancy. Kashmir is beautiful, but not with the kind of beauty of 'Lalla Rookh.' It has no waterfalls, no palm-trees, and but little aspect of gayety. Its charm is of a subtle and subdued character, and the newcomer is liable to be at first disappointed and disillusioned.

"Kashmir proper is but a small portion of the Kingdom of Kashmir; it is the Vale and no more. The Himalayas, coming from the southeast, divide into two branches, of which the northern continues to form the left bank of the Indus valley; the southern is the Pir Panjal range. The Vale of Kashmir is an ancient lake-basin, about seventy miles long by thirty miles wide, included between the two ranges. From the crest of the Pir Panjal you can look down on to Kashmir on one side and on to the plains of the Panjab on the other. Through the now filled-up level of the Vale, the waters of the Jhelam lazily meander in series of wide loops, till they come to the gates of the gorge which they have cut through an intricate rock-bound district, westwards and then southwards to the burning plains. The Kingdom of Kashmir stretches far to the north and west, and its frontiers are not yet diplomatically defined; but its natural, and practically its actual, boundary is the line of the Hindu-Kush and Mustagh ranges, beyond which lie Russian Turkestan, the Pamirs, and Chinese Turkestan. Eastwards the Maharajah's dominions include that portion of Thibet known as Ladak, or Little Thibet; westwards they terminate vaguely in the no-man's-land on the banks of the Indus, inhabited by a set of chaotic robber tribes, most of whose barren fastnesses have never been penetrated by any civilized traveler in historic times. The whole of this large area, beyond the Vale, is to all intents and purposes desert—mere crumpled Sahara below, on which the ice-bound region rests. This is the hunting-ground of Kashmir, interesting to sportsmen and mountaineers, and destined some day to attract the attention of gold-miners, but otherwise dreary and desolate, 'sunburnt and sorrowful' below, frozen aloft, sparsely inhabited by a few forlorn tribes who derive a scanty subsistence from patches of sand artificially irrigated."

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Erysipelas in My Face

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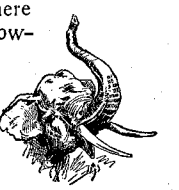

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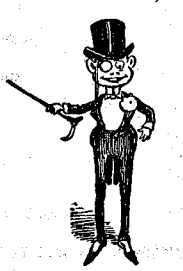

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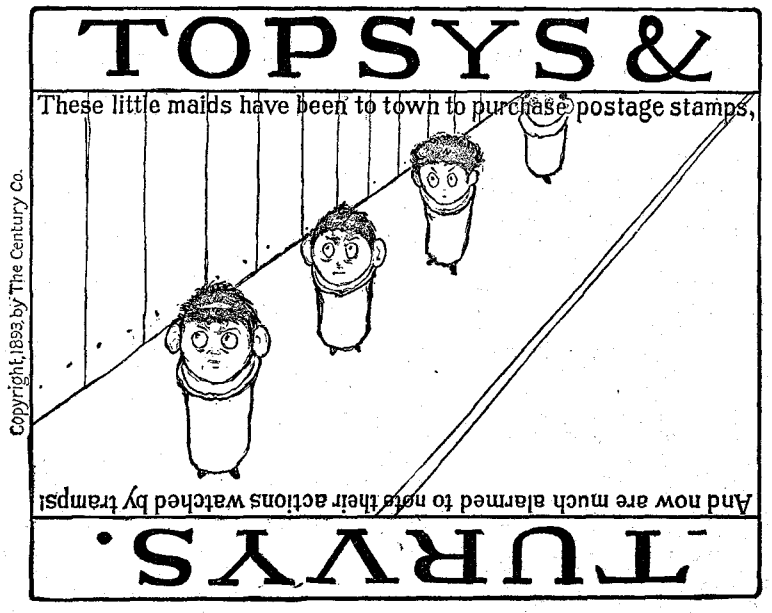
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The Conservation of Our Oyster Supply. By ROBERT F. WALSH. Illustrated. Shows that an oyster famine is threatening us, and describes the modes of restocking depleted beds that are coming into use in some places.

Evolution and Ethics. I. By Prof. T. H. HUXLEY Prof. Huxley proves that the operation of evolution had been perceived in both Greece and India six centuries before Christ.

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Mr. Barrie's Next Novel

By James McArthur

Lovers of those delightful books, "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister," will be pleased to learn that Mr. Barrie is making good progress with his new novel to which he is devoting his whole energy. Although the inception of this fresh venture in fiction dates back a couple of years, and during that time has been undergoing a process of incubation in the author's mind, the actual writing of the work has been only recently commenced. There was hope of its being ready for serial publication in the next volume of "Scribner's," but when it will be issued is still uncertain. Mr. Barrie has the gift of waiting and the patient painstaking allied to genius which, "unhasting," preserves a writer from producing anything unworthy of his art; he has never measured opportunity by an editor's or publisher's importunity. The wistful earnestness with which he views the obligations of his ideal in literature may be discerned in the following: "Writing," he has written, "is all a pursuit of that which we can never seize; but we can go on pursuing—all work is that." His standard of judgment in life and art reminds me of what another man of letters once wrote: "My fundamental faith is that a man cannot do his best work except as a result of his best life." That Mr. Barrie will, in his forthcoming novel, perpetuate and establish his fame seems assured when one of his most discriminating critics, and one of the earliest to recognize the promise of genius in his work and to point out its faults, declares that his new story will be one of the most original books in English fiction; that, although the plot interest continues to be slight, in spite of this, little fear may be entertained of its taking a foremost place.

It will doubtless surprise a large number of readers to be told that since the publication of "The Little Minister" Mr. Barrie has written nothing except one or two plays and a few trifles for the press. A foreign writer's reputation will take care of itself eventually, notwithstanding the strange sport which it creates for enterprising publishers, who, for their own aggrandizement, anxiously endeavor to profit by the public excitement which a popular book awakens, while it lasts. There is a sense of humor in the situation which involves the reputation of an author in the reproduction of articles at which he tried his 'prentice hand, in book form; for the loss is only temporary to the writer, and time untangles the misconstruction into which not only the reading public but many literary circles in the country have been led by the eccentricities of adventurous publishers. The public is not the many-headed monster it would seem to appear sometimes, and in these days it not only demands but invites graciously to know the truth about an author, and is grateful for it.

In view of this simple explanation, the apparent incongruity of my previous statement concerning the high ideal which Mr. Barrie cherishes in the pursuit of his art, contrasted with the general impression conveyed by the publication of the vagrant brood of his early years, is easily dispelled.

In the current number of "Atalanta" there is an excellent criticism of Mr. Barrie's work by Sarah Tytler, an English novelist of some repute. She says, notably, that Mr. Barrie has overleaped three great difficulties to which he elected to subject himself: first, the employment in a large proportion of his work of a homely, while strong and flexible, vernacular; next, the rude simplicity of the human nature he treated; and, last, certainly not the least, his resolution to deal only with whatsoever things are pure and honest, lovely and of good report. She exhibits an admirable insight in measuring the author's performance up to his latest and great work, "The Little Minister:" "It is the crucial, decisive step in the author's career. He is no more the tenderly true delineator; he is the creator and inventor, with a world of imaginative romance ready for his pen to conquer."

Bad Spellers

A man who is constantly reading ought, says the London "Spectator," of course, to be able to spell the words which he is repeatedly seeing on the page before him. Yet, as we know it often happens that great readers are exceedingly bad spellers. Why is this? We believe it is because the bad speller sees and reads each word as a whole, as a grammalogue, or thought-symbol, that is, and not as so many letters. All people, of course, do this to some extent; but we believe that the educated bad speller does it very much more than the good speller.

The ordinary man, puzzled about a word, writes it to see how it looks; and this look tells him at once whether he has spelled it right or wrong. The true bad speller is, however, not helped the very least bit in the world by this process. He is only the more puzzled by the writing on the blotting-pad. He may write the word a dozen ways and not get one version which looks to him better than the others. The truth is, his eyes have some defect, probably of focusing power, which prevents him seeing clearly the letters of the words. When he learns to read, he learns to read verbatim, and not literatim; and hence he sees, and has always seen, the symbol for "receive," not "r e c e i v e," with the "e" always following the "c" and in front of the "i."

This is why bad spellers will almost invariably be found to have been slow in learning to read. They were taught to read literally, but found great difficulty in the process owing to defective eyesight, and so had slowly and laboriously to learn the words as symbols of ideas, not as compounded letters. In a word, bad spelling is a defect of the eyesight, not of the mind; and, in all probability, many a case of inability to learn to spell might be cured in children by the right pair of spectacles.

It is not short sight that makes the bad speller so much as oversight and difficulty in focusing the eye. Short-sighted people are, indeed, apt to spell well. They hold the book close to the eye, and see every letter standing out clearly; for, as is well known, the effect of the short-sighted eye is to magnify. The long-sighted eye, on the other hand, sees small print as a confused and indistinct mass. The general look of the word is detected, but not the letters which make it up.

—Mr. Philip D. Armour has been visiting Boston, inspecting the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other educational institutions in that line, with the view of getting information that can be put to practical use for the benefit of the great Institute in Chicago which he has endowed. The Outlook will soon print an illustrated article on Armour Institute.

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About People

—The Duchess of Fife recently performed the feat of landing seven salmon, weighing from six to ten pounds each, in one day.

—A niece of Abraham Lincoln, Miss Mattie Todd, is postmistress at Cythiana, Ky. She was appointed by President Hayes, and has held her place ever since.

—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt owns to having received during the last twenty-five years for her exertions on the stage money to the amount of over a million and a quarter dollars.

—The Queen Regent of Spain has decided to fulfill a heartfelt wish of her husband, and establish a college in the Escurial, bearing her name, for the teaching and study of Christian sciences.

—Sir John Gladstone, nephew of the Grand Old Man, is described as a tall, broad-shouldered young giant, as ardent a Conservative as his uncle is the reverse, and one of the most extensive whisky distillers in Scotland.

—Justice Field begins his thirty-first year on the United States Supreme Court bench with the present term. This record has been surpassed only once in the history of the country, and has been equaled only four times.

—In a pathetic letter to a friend in Hungary, Kossuth writes: "I am weighed down by the burden of years, and my eyesight grows dim. I now see only outlines and not details. I cannot read, and when writing only guess at the characters which I trace. Nevertheless, impelled by a sense of duty, I completed the third volume of my memoirs a few days ago."

—Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon has been invited by the National Geographical Society of Washington, D. C., to lecture in that city on Dr. Le Plongeon's discoveries concerning the Mayas of Central America. The lecture will be given on December 8. The fame of Dr. Le Plongeon's researches in the antiquities of Yucatan, and Mrs. Le Plongeon's own repute as a writer and speaker of singular charm, unite to make this an occasion of marked scientific and popular interest.

—The Rev. Reuen Thomas, of Brookline, Mass., has recently come into possession of a valuable relic of the Rev. Richard Baxter, author of the famous book "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." It is the old-fashioned chair used by the English divine while writing his treatise. When Baxter died, it was placed in the Broad Street Congregational Church in London, where it remained for nearly two hundred years, until the building was torn down, when it came into possession of the last pastor, the Rev. William O'Neill, whose son inherited it and sent it to Dr. Thomas.

Newspaper Men

"While there are reporters who 'hound' public men, there are also public men who badger the newspaper folk," writes Julian Ralph in an article on "The Newspaper Correspondent" in "Scribner's Magazine." Stories of reporters' presumption are widely circulated, and in some cases are undoubtedly true. But there are men engaged in newspaper work who do not forget their own claim upon the respect of others. Mr. Ralph says:

"I once congratulated an English reporter, who told me he had reported Gladstone's speeches for nearly twenty years, upon knowing that statesman so well.

"'God bless you,' said he, 'I don't know him at all. I was once unable to escape from his car without passing him, when he came in unexpectedly, and a friend introduced me to him. But I never presumed upon that, you know.'

"To 'beat' his fellows is still the chief aim and glory of every man who writes on the news pages, but the 'beat'—as an exclusive piece of news is called—is growing to be more and more a product of intimate acquaintance with public men, and less and less a result of agility of mind and body.

"I remember a delightful half-hour when a 'Tribune' man tried to reach a country wire first in order to get his dispatch started and to shut me out. We had to run three miles over a plain that was one great glare of ice.

"He was the faster runner, and appeared to have everything his own way, but suddenly he slipped and rolled down the side of a gully, to bring up at the bottom badly hurt. The tearing of his clothes and peeling of his face did not bother him, but his ankle was sprained, and he could not walk without help.

"'I give up,' said he. 'Will you help me to the village?'

"'I don't know,' I replied. 'Is the wire mine.'

"'Of course,' said he; 'I'm done.'

"But I gave him his turn at it."

Financial

The continued ease in money is further facilitated by an increasing accumulation of funds in the New York banks, as illustrated by the bank statement below. The city banks in the past two months have canceled nearly forty million dollars of Clearing-House certificates, so that to-day scarcely two millions remain outstanding. This practical elimination of this emergency money has taken place without so much as producing a ripple in the markets for money or securities. The effect, therefore, of this issue was all good, without any offsetting evil resulting, and there is no question but that the presence and use of these certificates practically saved vast interests from failure and bankruptcy, both in financial and commercial interests. All honor to the banks for promptly creating such a safe and effectual aid in a great emergency, and for withdrawing it from existence so wisely and well after it had done its work.

The general effect on the stocks and bonds of the Union Pacific Railway Company because of the receivers appointed last week was pretty well discounted, and both in the shares of the parent company and in the bond lists of the leased lines a stronger feeling prevailed after the confession of bankruptcy than before. The great system was not placed under protection of the Court because of any default in interest, or on account of any floating debt, for neither of these causes existed; the step was taken because the falling off in earnings was great, and promised, for some months to come, to be equally serious, so that the management did not see where the funds would come from to meet the maturing fixed charges on the 1st of November, or those which would follow December 1 and January 1, amounting in the aggregate to nearly three million dollars. Then, next year the $11,000,000 of collateral notes come due, negotiated two years ago, and in 1895 the first payment on the debt to the Government falls due, unless the Government should be ready to readjust the indebtedness of the Company, distributing it over a series of years. For these reasons it was deemed the wisest possible thing to place the road in receivers' hands for the protection of all interests, and, on the whole, all interests seem to be satisfied.

It is understood that a plan is being formulated by the Reading Railway management for adjusting the floating debt and taking the Company out of the hands of the receivers, but nothing has been published which would show what the features of the plan are. Waiting for the action of the Senate at Washington still prevents the full maturing of this and many other schemes for restoring bankrupt corporations, proposing new enterprises, and the resuscitating of various suspended interests all over the country; this waiting is a time of extreme tension and suspense for millions of people.

Continuous rumors from Washington as to compromises proposed have had the effect, during the past three days, of keeping the markets in a state of excitement, and, with it, of adding to the strength of most stocks and bonds on the list. The case has reached that stage where anything would be regarded better than nothing, and therefore the slightest hint of a change has the effect of temporarily stimulating the markets; but really nothing, thus far, has been accomplished. The foreign exchange market is practically at the point where gold could be imported without loss, actual rates for cash exchange being about $4.84, which is really below the figure, did not the Bank of England use its influence against such imports; but it looks as if the movement of gold this way—which is due at this season—would take place at any time, for there is more or less purchasing of securities for foreign account going on, and our merchandise imports are at a very low ebb, while the exports of cereals and produce—due to the low prices prevailing—are large, exhibiting each week a good increase over the figures of the corresponding week of 1892. Railway earnings are, on the whole, adverse, although the decrease is growing smaller, in the aggregate, from week to week; and some of the Granger roads seem to have turned the corner—St. Paul, for instance, exhibiting the first week in October an increase of $41,000, and the second week of $61,000, while Rock Island is doing better, and the trunk lines east of Chicago are decidedly strong in earnings. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,676,300
Specie, increase	5,339,100
Legal tenders, increase	5,713,300
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For the Young Doctors

During my second year at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, I had a classmate whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard. One of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares and quizzing them. He said to this fellow one day:

"How much is a dose of ——?" giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the ready reply.

The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour he said:

"Professor, I want to change my answer to that question."

"It's too late, Mr. ——," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient's been dead fourteen minutes."—*Cor. New York World.*

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Bits of Fun

Many a girl who marries for leisure repents in haste.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The reason that rich men have so many friends is that they are capital fellows.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The most industrious of stamp clerks is seldom anxious to get in two licks to anybody else's one.—*Buffalo Courier.*

He—What do you think of a man marrying a woman for her money? She—I should say she was check-mated.—*Judge.*

Toper—What shall I take, Doctor, to remove the redness of my nose? Doctor—Take nothing—for three months.—*Hallo.*

He—This shoe doesn't fit. Try a bigger one. She (severely)—No, sir; bring me the same size a little larger.—*Denver Sun.*

"Deeds, not words," is an injunction the silver-tongued real-estate agent must often have considerable difficulty in following.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Young man, when the world professes to have a lack of admiration for your personal qualities, don't try to escape by crawling up your family tree!—*Puck.*

Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation didn't mention the tariff, but no one can deny that it was the forerunner of free wool.—*Somerville Journal.*

Visitor—So your brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress? Little Girl—Yes'm; he's got so now we can tell whether he's tuning or playing.—*Good News.*

"Perhaps the deceased's business will help us to decide on an appropriate epitaph," said the tombstone sculptor. "He was a bill collector." "Then how would this suit: 'His work is dun'?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Native—See that young man over there? He has saved sixteen persons from drowning. He plays the flute, too. Visitor—Oh, well, a man who has saved sixteen lives has a right to play the flute.—*Musical Guest.*

Grandpa (to grandson who has just come from a visit to the Natural History Museum)—Well, Sammy, where have you been to-day? Sammy—Oh, we've had a fine time, grandpa. We've been to a dead circus.—*Harper's Young People.*

Miss Bleecker—Do you know? Mary Havisham has married that Charlie Goslin, after having broken her engagement to him three different times! Miss Houston—She evidently believes in "Well shaken before taken."—*Puck.*

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what the people said about it as they passed out?" Replied he: "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do it again."—*Herald.*

"The price of this Rembrandt is $10,000, and this other Rembrandt is only $6,000. What makes such a difference in the price?" remarked Pete Amsterdam to the proprietor of a Harlem art store. "The $10,000 one is much more genuine than the other."—*Texas Siftings.*

Husband—My dear, don't you think we are living rather too extravagantly? Couldn't you practice a little economy? Wife—Good gracious, John, I do; there hasn't been a bargain sale for the last six months which I have not attended.—*Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.*

The Duc de Choiseul, who was remarkably thin, went to London to negotiate a peace. "Have they sent the preliminaries of a treaty?" asked one Englishman of another. "I don't know," was the reply, "but they have sent the outline of an ambassador."—*Youth's Companion.*

Rising Young Musician—Now, Professor, how do my compositions please you? Professor—Why, I think that they may perhaps be played when Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have been forgotten. Musician—Really? Professor—Certainly—but not until then.—*Musical Guest.*

"Maybe I have an ugly color, as you say," said the Carrot to the Beet, "but when I am gone I hope some one may say a good word for me. It seems to me a dead carrot has a better chance for respect than a dead beat." And the beet turned even redder in the face and had nothing more to say.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A printer's error is amusing the Queenslanders. Their leading newspaper, reviewing a work prognosticating the wonders of science, remarked: "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination." The correction appeared in the issue of the following week, as follows: "For 'other blackguards,' please read 'Rider Haggard's.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Neander, professor of theology in Berlin, was one day overtaken by a thunder-storm. He jumped into a cab, but could not give either the number of his house or the name of the street. The driver thought the man was mad, and was about to tell him to get out, when the professor, espying a student, called out to him and said, "Just tell the man where I live." Neander's sister, who kept house for him, took fresh apartments nearer the university, as she thought the distance too great for her brother. A few days after their removal he complained of the long and tiring walk, and it then turned out that he had always gone first to the old lodgings, and so round to the university.—*Chronik der Zeit.*

Bank of England Notes

With the Bank of England, the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 P.M. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighboring stockbrokers petitioned the Governors to do it in the evening. The notes are previously canceled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures) and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a closed furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned.

The number of notes coming into the Bank of England every day is about 50,000, and 350,000 are destroyed every week, or something like 18,000,000 every year.

The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile, they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Pitiable Sight

it is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

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can be made in three minutes, thus: take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of

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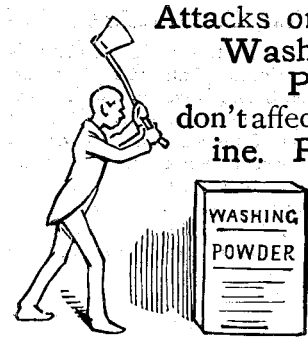
Then add an egg—and some sherry if liked—season carefully. . . . .



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It's made so that it acts upon dirt as nothing else will, but can't possibly do any harm to substance, hands or fabric. Soap-makers are advertising against washing-powders, claiming that they ruin the clothes. They're more than half right. But chemical analysis and the experience of millions of women prove that **Pearline** hasn't the power to harm clothes that soap has.

Beware of imitations. 396 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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American Cliff-Dwellers

Hitherto, writes Professor G. N. Richardson, in the "Californian," all attempts to assign a time when the cliff-dwellings were abandoned have been mere conjectures. That the ruins are not all of the same age is certain; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that the cliff-dwellers survived during a long period of time, various communities voluntarily abandoning their old homes for more favorable positions long before the final disappearance of the race.

Now that so many of these ancient ruins are being explored, the archæologist, by comparative examinations into improvements in architecture, by a careful consideration of the conditions and progress of decay, and by studying the relics of earthenware, and the implements that are continually being found, will, it is hoped, be able approximately to assign different periods of antiquity to different ruins. In spite of the arid climate and other favoring circumstances militating against decay, it is difficult to believe that certain relics, such as wood-work, matting, etc., have defied the destructive action of time of any great length. It is true that the cerements that enfold Egyptian mummies are thousands of years old, but it must be remembered they were smeared with preservative unguents, that many of their lifeless wearers were inclosed in air-tight sarcophagi, and that none of them were exposed to weathering influences.

What an extraordinary life those ancient people led! What curious households they presented, living in homes perched in holes and niches, and wide-yawning caverns in the cliffs, at heights varying from one hundred to two thousand feet above the bottoms of the canyons! With muscular limbs and steady nerves the cliff-dweller, day by day, would sally from his doorway and descend the bald rock a thousand feet without a tremor—with no more feeling of trepidation than had the eagle which soared above him. Accustomed from infancy to gaze from dizzy heights, he skirted the precipice's edge in all safety and looked unmoved into the abyss below. Evening found him at home again with his children around him, perhaps smoking his pipe after a supper of roasted corn and flesh of turkey. And the babies, like eaglets in their eyries! Imagine mothers descending those steeps with their infants on their backs and returning with vessels of water or bundles of fire-fuel on their heads! No wonder that the children learned to gaze unawed into fearsome depths, and, where facilities offered, played hide-and-seek and tag-last among the rocks, as soon as they had discarded their child rattles and other playthings! They were safer and more free from danger of accident than are the school-children of San Francisco and Oakland, where the trolley and the cable-car, the railway and the furiously driven delivery wagon, maim and kill

The British Soldier's Lot

While the nominal pay of a private is one shilling a day, or twenty-four cents, he really does not receive much more than half that in actual cash. Deductions are charged to his account for extra supplies of rations and for washing, which bring the net amount placed to his credit down to about four shillings, or one dollar, per week. Most of the table supplies which the ordinary citizen would rate as necessaries are "extras" in the soldier's bill of fare. Butter, tea, coffee, sugar, any excess of meat above half a pound daily, vegetables, fish, and everything beyond his pittance of meat and bread, have to be paid for out of his twenty-four cents. From the same slim source also have to come the cost of repairs to his clothing, and the amount of the practically compulsory, though nominally optional, subscriptions to the cricket, shooting, and athletic clubs connected with the regiment. A still further deduction of ten cents per month is taken off his diminished pay for the cost of "repairs to barracks," a mysterious item charged in accordance with a venerable custom, of which no one in the army can give any satisfactory account other than established custom.

The recreations of the English soldier are on a par with the rest of his surroundings. The few cents he may happen to possess at any one time will not obtain any elevating relaxation, so he seeks the lowest and cheapest modes of dissipation. There is in all barracks a place called by courtesy a reading-room, but Tommy has no education, and naturally falls back on the canteen, where he can drink and smoke in peace at an expense not too heavy for his puny purse. Outside, the lowest groggeries, vulgarly known as "pubs," are about his only resort. The common soldier is shunned by almost everybody as something too far down in the social scale to have anything to do with.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The American Board in Parable

By Pearse Pinch

There has come a great shipwreck. Multitudes are struggling in the deep. Those on shore have organized a life-saving service. There is a question as to how long the opportunity for rescue will hold out. Some believe that when night closes down over the terrible disaster all hope of rescue will be gone. Others have what they "conceive to be a reasonable hope" that when the new day dawns many shipwrecked ones will still be found clinging to fragments of the wreck, and that the work of rescue may still go on.

"Nevertheless," they say, "the peril is a dreadful one, the present condition is most wretched, and the end we do not know. We are ready to help man the lifeboats, and brave the deep, and rescue all we can."

But the keeper of the lifeboats says: "No; you shall not go unless you believe that for every soul not rescued by nightfall there remains no hope."

Whereupon those who have been furnishing material for the left oars, and sinewy arms to help propel the rescue-boats in straight, swift course to the perishing ones, withdraw their aid, and the boats take a one-sided motion and labor in vain against the heavy sea, and come in zigzag, circuitous course, after twelve months of toilsome endeavor, around to the place of starting. Here the debate is taken up again as to how long it takes men to drown; and amid dissension, bitterness, and discouragement they put off again into the deep, their perils and labors doubly severe, and no recuperation or inspiration from the respite consumed in the buffeting of brother against brother.

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